THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Rebel Success in Spain

The war in Spain is following its expected course. Lérida fell on Sunday; meanwhile a motorized column under General Valino, advancing swiftly down the right bank of the Ebro, reached (April 4) a point within artillery range of Tortosa, where the main Barcelona-Valencia highway and railroad cross the river. If Valino can maintain himself in this position, Catalonia is severed from the rest of Loyalist Spain and the end is very near. The fall of Morella impedes a Loyalist counter-stroke on the right. The Rebel plan, as we observed last week, was excellent; whether or not it was a brain-child of Badoglio's, it must be admitted that in its execution Francisco Franco showed himself a first-rank field commander. His coördination of air power, armored fighting vehicles, horsed cavalry and artillery, and motorized infantry in the swift succession of blows which have earned him victory, will, we predict, be studied as a tactical model by all the war colleges of the world. The great value of attack aviation and armored cars in pursuit has been again attested; and perhaps we shall now hear less military nonsense about the alleged futility of the offensive in "modern" war. The Loyalists not only suffered under a sad disadvantage as regards armament but attempted to conduct a "cordon" defense along their whole Aragon front. Lack of mobility doubtless contributed to this decision; the event proved again Frederick's maxim "Who wants to defend everything does not save anything."

Europe will anxiously await the consequences of Franco's success. Will Mr. Chamberlain's sanguine expectations that the new Italo-British pact will result in complete Italian withdrawal from Spain be justified? Or does Ramon Sender's assertion that, despite Franco's victory in the field, resistance will continue, foreshadow a long, bloody and savage undercover struggle which may afford the dictator powers an excuse for maintaining their military forces in Spain under one guise or another? The peace of the world may well hang on the answers to these questions.

China's Brilliant Resistance

The gallant and successful attempts of the Chinese guerillas operating between Taian and Yenchow to prevent the southward movement of Japanese reinforcements to the aid of the hard-pressed Japanese army on the Grand Canal were offset by the arrival of a Japanese cross-country column which, driving in General Pai's flank-guard at Ichow, has enabled the Japanese to retake Taierchwang. Pai's right is now falling back toward the Canal, according to Japanese dispatches, though Chinese sources assert that counter-attacks are in progress.

It seems certain that Japanese losses have been very heavy, and Japanese morale has suffered to an extent which required a personal visit of the War Minister, General Sugiyama, to General Terauchi's headquarters at Tientsin. This circumstance is the best answer to those who claim that by organized resistance the Chinese are playing the Japanese game. For the quality of Chinese organized resistance has vastly improved since the opening of the war; as did the Romans from

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Hannibal, the Chinese are learning how to make war from their enemy. Moreover, while they are not yet possessed of artillery and aviation sufficient for their needs, it is quite plain that their situation in this respect is much better than it was; the source of this improvement is attested by the complaints of the Japanese ambassador at Moscow to M. Litvinov.

If the Japanese are now able to take Suchow—an accomplishment by no means assured as yet—it may be expected that their western army will make a desperate effort to force the Yellow River and so cut off the Chinese retreat. This will place the Chinese army about Suchow in a perilous situation; furthermore it will menace the Chinese supply-line from Russia via Sian. But the strain on the Japanese is growing with every day that passes. Chiang Kai-shek's prospects are still far brighter than Negrin's.

Our Belligerent Secretary

The Senate apparently intends to examine the naval-expansion bill thoroughly in the light of the foreign policy of the government. Senator Walsh of Massachusetts, chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee, submitted a number of questions to Secretary Hull. Mr. Hull's replies showed that the criticism of the administration's foreign policy had made no dent on him at all. A question implying that we might have a navy only for defense of this country brought from him the response that this policy would "erect an imaginary Chinese wall" and "expose American citizens to attack anywhere in the world outside this wall." It is quite clear that the Secretary believes in keeping and defending our citizens in exposed situations, no matter how much danger of war and how big a navy that may involve. Mr. Hull further insisted on maintaining naval superiority over Japan, although a navy for defense only would not need such superiority. The independence of the Philippines, he said, would have no bearing on this conclusion. Secretary Hull also discouraged Congress from authorizing a naval-disarmament conference. He wants the ships, not the bargaining power. The question is whether the Senate is willing to stand behind this kind of policy.

Hope for Public Spending

There are heartening indications that President Roosevelt is considering a program of government spending as a way out of the current depression. The administration has abandoned hope that there is any likelihood of immediate business recovery without government stimulus of some kind. The President has been busy conferring with his advisers deciding what type of stimulus is needed and how extensive a program must be adopted; he is expected to announce his new recovery program in the near future. It is likely that at least an important part of the recovery program will be a renewal of the "pump-priming" public-works expenditures, although no one knows how much the President would hope to spend or on what sort of project. No one knows, either, what the temper of Congress toward new large-scale public spending would be. Government spending is certainly badly needed, just for the direct effect it would have of alleviating the serious unemployment problem confronting the country. And in addition it is possible that, according to the "multiplier" principle held by Mr. Keynes and a great many other economists, the indirect effects of public expenditures would increase the beneficial force of such a program several times over. The announcement of renewed public spending will undoubtedly stir up bitter opposition from the hostile critics of the President who are either unaware, or do not wish to believe, that the cessation of income-increasing expenditures by the federal government was one of the important causes of today's depression.

The Railroad Pig in a Poke

Everyone knows that the American railroads are in a serious financial condition. About one-third of them are in or near bankruptcy. Even the Class I railroads, it is said, had an operating deficit in February, something that has not happened before during the whole of the depression. As a result, the railroads have gone begging to Washington for government money to help keep them going, asking a subsidy of perhaps as much as half a billion a year. Before we burst into tears over the plight of the roads, we might remember that their problem is largely their own fault. It is true that the rise of the automobile has given them severe competition, which they have met about as stupidly as possible. In the main, however, their troubles are financial and come from deliberate mismanagement for the sake of profit. Far too many unnecessary roads have been constructed, partly for the subsidies from the government or eager communities, partly in order to foist securities on the public. Properties have been overvalued by billions, and securities sold on this exaggerated basis.

Now the railroads are demanding that their past sins be condoned through vast government gifts year after year (some of the water, of course, has already been squeezed out through market declines). It seems to us clear that the government ought to aid in rehabilitating the roads. Great economies are possible through consolidation, and the government might well help to pension the faithful employees who are squeezed out because of no fault of their own. But that's not what the railroad management wants. It wants money, to aid not the workers or the public, but the holders of inflated securities. We agree with Senator Wheeler that the roads ought to go through the wringer before they come to Washington hat in hand. Something might be said for bailing out the security holders if the government bought the roads and could thereafter manage them properly. But to subsidize the

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railroads while they are still in the hands of those guilty of mismanagement is bad business.

Too Much Power for Jesse Jones

As reports pour in from all over the country of deepening depression, official Washington has evidently got into a bad state of jitters. One result is the new bill authorizing loans by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which will probably be in conference between the House and Senate by the time these words are read. This bill authorizes loans on the loosest conceivable terms; in fact, about all that is required is that Chairman Jesse Jones shall consider the loan sound at the time he makes it. In the course of its history, the RFC has already made many loans which were questionable indeed; the story of some of them was told by John T. Flynn in an article a couple of years ago. Certainly, the known record of the RFC is not such as to give people confidence that these huge powers will be used exclusively in the public interest. If we may judge the future by the past, money will be employed to shore up unsound financial institutions that might better be reorganized, to maintain service on exaggerated and unjustified debt, and in short for everything except the promotion of legitimate business in the interest of consumers and workers.

It Was a Famous Victory

Our Washington correspondent this week, in discussing the Reorganization Bill, criticizes President Roosevelt for not having accepted the Wheeler amendment, which would have allowed Congress to veto by a simple majority any changes he proposed. Mr. Roosevelt subsequently assented to a similar scheme originating in the House. We believe, however, there was a good reason for requiring, ultimately, a two-thirds vote to block either reorganization as a whole or specific proposals under it. Congressmen are so jealous of their patronage and so responsible to pressure groups that there is bound to be strong objection on irrelevant grounds to almost any change in the executive departments. By the familiar process of log-rolling this opposition can easily be piled up into a majority—as it has been in the past. We hope that the President's surrender, in the face of the outcry that he wants to become a dictator, will not thus endanger the improvement of governmental efficiency. Already two modifications of the bill have been made without reference to the main principle at stake—the House has decided to keep the Bureau of Education in the Interior Department, and not to allow anything to be done with the Veterans' Bureau. The first was in deference to a supersensitive fear by Catholics that the government might have something to say about parochial schools, the second in response to political pressure by the professional friends of the veterans. There is no end to this sort of thing; if allowed scope, it will make a mess out of reorganization. Dorothy Thompson, Father Coughlin, Rumely, Gannett, *et al.*, may find that they have saved the country from a "dictator" in order to keep it in the hands of spoilsmen and special interests.

The CIO Wins in Akron

Despite widespread layoffs and a well financed anti-CIO campaign by a new "independent" organization, the CIO United Rubber Workers of America won a decisive victory in a collective-bargaining election at the Firestone plant in Akron last week. The NLRB count showed 3,696 votes for the union and 2,564 for the "independent" Firestone Employees' Protective Association. Besides the association campaign, the URWA had to contend with the sudden shifting of many company supervisors to production work to make them eligible to vote. The election, while indicating that the union had lost ground since the Goodyear and Goodrich elections last summer, demonstrated nevertheless the CIO's ability to hold members in the face of bitter economic hardship. Thousands of Akron rubber workers have lost their jobs and the rest are working only part time.

News Notes of a Week

France, faced by problems of the greatest difficulty both internally and externally, planned heroic measures to remedy her financial position. Premier Blum sought a capital levy of four to seventeen percent on fortunes of 150,000 francs or more, a two-year halt on payments on the public debt, the right to revalue the gold reserves at any time, and to assume such revaluation for bookkeeping purposes immediately. . . . Trouble between Mexico and the United States and Great Britain seemed less threatening as President Cárdenas promised to pay for expropriated oil properties at the earliest possible moment. . . . New purges were reported in Soviet Russia, among those now under suspicion being Krylenko, former prosecutor in trials of the same sort. . . . Mussolini in a speech boasted extravagantly of Italy's armed strength; foreign military experts, like the American Major G. F. Eliot, have pointed out Italian weaknesses which make Mussolini's boasting largely empty falsehood.

President Roosevelt surprised the country by a repudiation of dictatorial ambition, made public at Warm Springs by waking up the newspapermen at one o'clock in the morning; his purpose, no doubt, was to help the Reorganization Bill through the House. . . . Admiral Leahy, the United States having formally abandoned all naval limitations, asked for three battleships of 45,000 tons, 10,000 tons larger than at present. . . . There was strong public agitation against the operation of the American neutrality law, which has been juggled by the administration to hurt the Loyalists and the Chinese. . . . New York State prepared to rewrite its archaic Constitution.

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Can Europe Save Itself?

THE PROPOSAL by Mr. J. M. Keynes on page 295 of this issue of The New Republic is addressed to the British public; it was printed in The New Statesman (London) and is published here as well for its general interest. There are, however, a number of comments that may be made from the American point of view.

In the first place, Mr. Keynes stands on solid ground by making the frank admission that the international trouble of the past few years arose from a bad treaty and from French and British policy thereafter in failing to rectify it. Nobody can make this admission with better grace than he, because with him it is not an afterthought, but a criticism made at the time and incessantly thereafter, whenever occasion demanded. Mr. Keynes is also sound, as we believe and have often said, in criticizing "negative pacifism." A League which invariably threatened sanctions but never really intended to employ them was of course worse than useless in the face of potential military attack. That muddled pacifism which kept arguing that if we should merely say we would curb aggressors we need not be prepared to make the sacrifices necessary to do so is as much to blame for what happened as that Tory militarism which made a hash of Europe in 1919.

Mr. Keynes therefore addresses himself to the problem of recreating (or indeed creating) collective security on a more realistic basis. The first change is to limit the proposed agreement, for the time being at least, to Europe. Regional understandings of this sort were urged long ago by The New Republic. If Europe could not exercise the foresight and energy to deal with the problems that Europe had created, it was always rash to expect that the United States, the British dominions and other non-European nations would intervene to save the British or the French from their own folly. Nothing could be more weak or useless than to plead that the action of Britain and France was inhibited by the failure of the United States to pledge help in advance to them, when it was clear that they were (and still are) refraining from opposing aggressors for motives of their own.

Next, Mr. Keynes urges that the new European League provide for action by majority vote, instead of requiring the complete unanimity that always blocked effective League action in the past. This, too, is an improvement, and is safeguarded by the provision that smaller powers would not be obligated to join in sanctions without their own consent. Thus the major powers could no longer plead that the vulnerability of a smaller member-nation prevented the League from going ahead. No less fruitful is the provision that joint action should not be bound to preservation of the *status quo*. The obligation to perpetuate an impossible system has given the League a bad conscience and put it on the defensive ever since the War.

Most important of all is the suggestion that the three most important League powers—Britain, France and the Soviet Union—proceed with the new agreement whether others agreed or not, of course leaving the door open to adherence by any nations that wished to join. This is the crux of the matter; if these three powers were firmly united, the basic policy of Hitler would be checkmated, and his ability to threaten serious damage would be greatly reduced. It is the reluctance of the Conservative government in England to make such commitments, arising from its hostility to Russia and to French democracy, that has allowed Hitler the scope he has already enjoyed. It is of far less importance, if a general war is to be prevented, that specific pledges be made about detailed questions such as Czechoslovakia than that it be made clear that the three great League powers will stand and act together. Knowledge of Chamberlain's attitude in this matter does indeed lure Hitler on.

There can be little doubt that in the end they will act together to resist any major German aggression. The question is whether they will do so in time to prevent a war from beginning. They will certainly win any war that does begin. But the time to make clear their intentions is getting short. Perhaps it is too late already. Apparently only a change of government in Britain will make possible the sort of policy that Mr. Keynes advocates.

If democratic Englishmen and Europeans will only rouse themselves to deal energetically with their own problems, they need not fear that isolationist sentiment in the United States will cripple them in the face of possible attack. Indeed, as explained in our National Defense supplement (March 30) even application of the present Neutrality Act would leave their way clear to interrupt, without protest from us, shipments from this country to their enemies. It would also make it impossible for their enemies to buy much here. But if Mr. Keynes's advice were followed, the democracies of Europe would not need American help. Protection of democracy begins at home—on both continents.

Ganging Up on the President

THE FIGHT against the Reorganization Bill has been the bitterest since the proposal to change the Supreme Court. The press has been flooded with articles and editorials attacking the measure. Father Coughlin, who broke his pledged word by going back on the air, was even more hysterical than usual in his appeals to his listeners to register their protests in Washington. Mr. Frank Gannett, whose organization is described by our Washington correspondent this week, has sent his little tracts fluttering in every breeze. Delegations have been assembled, protest meetings held and the

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number of telegrams addresed to members of Congress has risen to a height of 100,000 in one day.

This demonstration is the more remarkable when we recall that there was no justification for it. The Reorganization Bill does not make Mr. Roosevelt a dictator, or come within a hundred miles of it. Every President since William Howard Taft has asked very much the same authority. The plan now before Congress was drawn up, in the main, by a committee of independent, non-partisan experts. It was written in the light of experience in many countries, over generations. It gave wide powers to the Executive for the simple reason that Congress has shown time and time again it will not indulge in "self-denying ordinances" which run counter to the claims of pork and patronage. To say this is not to argue that the plan was perfect in every detail, and incapable of reasonable amendment. It was and is, nevertheless, a sound, sensible suggestion. Similar proposals were carried out by Governor Al Smith in New York State among the plaudits of many of the very people who are now calling the President a Hitler for seeking to bring efficiency into the federal government. Question: why so much heat?

The answer is the old familiar one. While some conservatives are honestly, though stupidly terrified, most of the leaders of the fight against the Reorganization Bill know perfectly well that their alarums and excursions are unnecessary. They are back at the old game that they have never really abandoned, of trying to smear the President and all his works. What they actually want is an end of the New Deal and the election of another Coolidge in 1940. They want lower taxes on the rich and higher taxes on the poor. They want aid for the unemployed to be held down to a minimum, with the largest possible proportion of the money spent in unproductive, morale-breaking home relief. They want Wall Street freed from even the tenuous shackles of the present SEC. They want the power of labor unions broken so that workers are hired in a buyers' market. They want unrestricted private enterprise to rule in the field of electric power and other utilities.

This is what lies behind the fight against the Reorganization Bill. In the words of the pun usually attributed to Philip Guedalla, "any stigma to beat a dogma"—the dogma in this case being the fundamental thesis which lies behind the New Deal. That is why the cry is heard that the bill will make the President into a fascist dictator, coming from many of the same people who would most readily welcome the arrival of fascism in this country if they felt they would be advantaged by it, people who have in fact done a good deal to bring it on. The absurdities of the argument are seen when we find a genuine enemy of fascism, like Miss Dorothy Thompson, fighting shoulder to shoulder with someone like Father Coughlin, who has shown a great deal of sympathy for fascism (provided you will just call it something else) and belongs to a church most of whose American leaders have wholeheartedly espoused the cause of fascism in Spain.

These enemies of President Roosevelt and his policies have been heartened recently because of the new depression which has become so serious so quickly. No President can remain popular very long in hard times unless the people feel that he has been doing everything possible to bring back prosperity, and this has not been true of President Roosevelt in the past few months. The poll of the Institute of Public Opinion, and other reliable barometers, indicate a sharp drop in the President's prestige in recent weeks. Those who are fighting the whole New Deal are of course delighted by such phenomena, and they set to work with renewed vigor. They are aided, too, by the tendency of some progressives to turn into Tired Liberals if the battle continues a little longer than they think it should, or if certain aspects of the fight are not just to their liking. We leave it to the psychologists to explain why faint-heartedness should so often become epidemic among those who hope to see society reformed. Certainly such tactics give aid and comfort to the enemy, who is rarely or never a Tired Conservative, and invariably is satisfied with half a loaf when he cannot get a whole one.

President Roosevelt should realize that he is engaged in a battle that never ends. He is opposed today by the same forces that opposed him in 1933, 1934 and 1935. If the New Deal is not to be destroyed by attrition under his feet, he will have to fight hard and fight now. The Reorganization Bill was significant not so much for itself but as a portent of the mood in which the country's reactionaries are. Mr. Roosevelt, unless we accept the unlikely hypothesis that he wants and can get a third term, has only two years and a few months left in which to defend, consolidate and extend the ambitions for the American people he has so often expressed and has to some extent tried to put into effect.

Fighting the Red Plague

MUCH HAS BEEN DONE in recent months to make Americans conscious of the burden of venereal disease. Largely because of a crusade by Surgeon General Thomas G. Parran, long-time taboos have been smashed. The newspapers are at last willing to print the word "syphilis" and are very proud of their newfound courage. Even the radio, far more timid than the press, has plucked up sufficient bravery to permit frank discussions on several occasions. Washington is considering a substantial appropriation to help carry on the fight. Leading citizens all over the country are ostentatiously taking Wassermann tests, in the hope that their example will be followed.

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These are all admirable activities. Yet we must not make the common mistake of thinking that when you have named your enemy, he has somehow been abolished. The removal of taboos is a necessary preliminary to the campaign for eradication of these deadly plagues, but it is not a part of that campaign itself. The estimable clubwomen who are taking Wassermann tests wholesale belong to the social class in which venereal disease is least prevalent. Those who most need to know about the campaign of education are the ones who will hear of it last and will be least likely to follow the clubwomen's example.

Far too little has been said about the fact that these are diseases which may be largely charged to the maladjustments of our form of society. They are most serious where commercialized prostitution is most prevalent; and this in turn results in part from economic hardships which forbid early marriage and in some cases make marriage at any age almost impossible. We can, certainly, reduce the incidence of venereal disease without changing the structure of society; but in the long run this, like so many other problems, is to be solved by a frontal attack on the underlying economic and social factors.

Meanwhile, it is interesting to know of European experiences in handling this problem which contain valuable lessons for us. In the Scandinavian countries, for example, conditions are enormously better than they are in the United States. Sweden has reduced active cases of syphilis since the Great War by about 93 percent. There is actually, in proportion to population, only one case to every two hundred in the United States. The law in Sweden requires that all cases be reported to the authorities and that treatment, given free, shall be continued until a cure is effected. The doctors report to the police and vice versa.

Less success has been achieved in stamping out gonorrhea. There has, however, been a reduction in this disease of almost 50 percent and the showing is tremendously better than in the United States. (It will be remembered that new and enormously effective methods of treating this disease have recently been discovered.)

At this point someone is likely to say, "Why not pass a federal law like that of Sweden, and stamp out syphilis in a few decades?" The authorities believe, however, that the matter is not so simple as all that. We have had one great example, in the prohibition amendment, of the harm done by passing a law against the strong objection of large elements in the population; we don't want another. Sweden has been far more successful than we have in dealing with the question of commercial prostitution, and the two matters of course go together.

One great stumbling block in the United States is the attitude of important religious groups. To put it bluntly, many of them associate venereal disease with "sin" and are inclined to sit back with their hands folded and let the sinner take the consequences. During the World War there was bitter opposition from certain church groups to the supplying of prophylaxis to members of the armed forces. Those who held this view simply shut their eyes to all human experience and insisted that the government should do nothing which would "encourage the sowing of wild oats." How absurd is this point of view in regard to a campaign like that of Surgeon General Parran is evident when we recall that venereal infections are sometimes acquired innocently, through dishes in public restaurants, the use of public lavatories, etc., or are inherited.

While a law like that of Sweden, passed immediately, would probably do more harm than good, we see no reason why the United States should not move in this general direction, accompanying it by a campaign of popular education. We could, for example, make syphilis reportable without at the present time requiring compulsory, free treatment. We could greatly expand the facilities for free treatment, without requiring compulsory reporting. We could compel any individual who previously had syphilis to report to a medical officer after some specified interval, such as a year. Any of these measures would help to remove the undesirable emotional aura with which the whole matter is at present tinged, and bring it down into the realm of practical and common-sense hygiene.

There are diseases which are now accepted as being public responsibility; people are quarantined because of them, are required to put notices on their doors or to go to special hospitals, and the law says how long such quarantines shall be effective. At present, there are virtually no restrictions at all on the person suffering from venereal disease and the result is the staggering situation under which we have nearly 900 active cases of syphilis each year for each 100,000 persons, while Sweden has about 4.

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Japan Loses Twice

IF NINE MONTHS of the China-Japan war had to be summarized in a single sentence it could be said that the Japanese army has won the first engagements in Japan as well as China and is losing the war in both. And it has been more successful thus far in Japan than in China.

The Japanese army started the war with two main objectives. The first was external: to carve out a territorial bloc in North China which would first be "autonomous" and then move by graduated stages into a "coöperative" relationship with Manchukuo and Japan —eventually a tripartite autarchy ruled from Tokyo. At the same time a favorable strategic position would be gained for a probable war with Soviet Russia. The second objective was internal: under cover of war needs to establish a military control over the whole of the Japanese economy, or at least to put Japanese industry and finance at the disposal of the Japanese military whenever they deem necessary and thus end the power of big business to veto military adventures on the ground of cost.

In China the Japanese army has carried the first campaign. It has occupied the northern provinces marked out for its bloc and the lower Yangtze region as well, including the wealthiest part of the country. But it is no nearer a decision than it was nine months ago. On the contrary, its rate of progress is declining.

In Japan, too, the Japanese army has carried the first campaign. As a culmination to a whole series of measures imposing sharp restrictions on use of capital, exchange movements, imports and other normal economic activities, the National Mobilization Bill was bludgeoned through the Diet. This puts into the hands of the government, which is to say the army, a centralized control over the whole of the Japanese economy. It is drafted in such broad and general terms that it can be construed to cover all the accumulated wealth and natural resources of the country. Thus the army has at last put to rout the political parties, which in Japan are the defense forces of big business, and attained the objective it has coveted for years, an objective it could not attain without war. It was the latter consideration that did much to incline the army toward war last summer. The army now controls not only the government of the country but its wealth and the mechanism for producing wealth. But the victory is an empty one unless the army can encompass the defeat of China before the fighting drains away the national wealth over which it now has control. And thus far the drain of wealth from Japan is more rapid than the advance of her army over Chinese territory.

Both in China and Japan time is working against the Japanese army, working faster with every month of the war. The Japanese have now stripped themselves of illusions. The war is still officially an "incident," but in the debates in the session of the Diet just closed all pretense that victory was a matter of a few more weeks was abandoned. The Japanese began the war in July in the confidence that China would be reduced to submission by October. Two months later they set the date at the beginning of this year. In January they fixed the time at June. Now, in the words of General Sugiyama, the War Minister, "there is still a long way to go." The most they can hope for now is a decision by the end of this year.

It is not a very robust hope. At the present rate the Japanese will not get to Hankow before summer. In fact, they must do much better than they've done the last two months to get there by summer. And when they have got there they will be only a little better off. The comforting policy of "non-aggravation of the incident" has been discarded as not feasible. The Japanese cannot draw a line at whatever point they deem convenient and settle down to a peaceful consolidation. Command of territory does them little good so long as there are still unbeaten Chinese forces at large. The policing problem is too difficult and they cannot capitalize on the victory. The Japanese have been in occupation of Hopei Province and adjacent regions since July. Driblets of iron from the Lungyen mines are all they have to show for it. For the Japanese do not dare go far from garrison centers for development of resources or for any other purpose. Even with Hankow occupied there will still be the enormous region west of Hankow to reduce, as well as the half of China that lies south of the Yangtze River.

It is for this reason Japan has had to resort to the dubious expedient of the new "states" set up in Peiping and in Nanking. These regimes, palpable dummies of the Japanese army, will do them little good. They carry no moral authority with the Chinese and only such political authority as derives from the Japanese bayonets that surround them. The personnel of the new Nanking regime is a confession of Japanese failure. For months the Japanese have been shopping around among the battered, discredited Chinese political hacks for officials to constitute the new government. No one of a higher order could be threatened, cajoled or bribed to accept. What has at last been patched together under the name of a government will arouse either ridicule or contempt among the Chinese. Its members are the dregs of a generation of Chinese political life. They may sign peace treaties with Japan once a week, but the same number of Chinese will go on fighting. Their decrees will be effective only as the Japanese army is victorious.

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Expedients may create an illusion to save Japan's face from the failure to achieve military successes, but they do not check the flow of Japanese wealth to pay for an inconclusive war. Mr. Kaya, the Minister of Finance, boasted lustily in the Diet that "the country could stand expenditures even as great as 20,000,000,000 or 30,000,000,000 yen a year" and that "Japan's position would not be seriously affected," but the interpolations subsequently showed that all auditors knew as well as he that he was whistling in the dark.

The signs are already ominous. Budget figures are on a scale which for Japan is astronomical. Appropriations for the coming year exceed 7,500,000,000 yen, of which almost 5,000,000,000 are for war purposes. This is two and a half times the budget of the years before the war, when Japan was already unable to finance herself except by deficit bonds. It was already difficult before the war to absorb bonds in the sum of 800,000,000 yen a year. Now for this year alone some 5,200,000,000 yen have to be raised by the sale of bonds. It cannot be done, of course. Of last year's issue to cover the cost of the first months of the war there were still more than 1,200,000,000 in bonds to be disposed of a few weeks ago.

The government will resort to a genteel, unacknowledged inflation. Bonds will be issued to the Bank of Japan, which will force some of them on other banks and for the rest pay checks and issue notes against the bonds. It will be a bookkeeping transaction, safe as long as a quasi-dictatorship prevents any challenge of the currency at home and there is enough gold to support the value of the yen abroad. But as Mr. Kaya said in an unguarded moment with reference to his new tax program: "I do not believe it is adequate in itself to prevent vicious inflation, but I think it will help." And as a spokesman of the Seiyukai remarked in the Diet: "The mere passing of bonds back and forth between the Bank of Japan and the financial world will only invite currency inflation, which is very obvious." It is obvious, indeed, to every seeing eye in Japan, hence the mounting concern among thinking Japanese. There is not enough mobile capital in Japan to provide the credit essential to the prosecution of the war and there is no prospect of a sufficiently great increase in the national income in the near future to redeem what are essentially paper promises. Only the devices of what is in effect totalitarianism can now shore Japan up temporarily.

Whether she can be shored up more than temporarily is already doubtful. Inflation is visible in more telling ways than fiscal accounting. One of the more serious is the rising price level. The Bank of Japan index for February showed a rise of 11 percent over February of last year and a rise of more than 6 percent since the beginning of the war. And sooner or later this will be reflected in prices of Japanese exports, on which Japan will have to depend for exchange for the purchase abroad of materials for armament and munitions. At the rate of Japan's unfavorable balance of trade in the last year, she will before another year have to pay for most of her purchases abroad with exports alone. And a rise in prices of her exports, with tariffs against her goods prohibitive, as they are, will penalize foreign trade and strike at the weakest point in the nation's defenses.

The effects of the war already show in foreign-trade figures. For the first seven weeks of 1938 there was a drop of 19.4 percent in Japan's exports compared with last year. The war in China has cost an exorbitant price indirectly as well as directly. The excess of imports over exports was notably less than last year, but the unfavorable balance still amounts to 44,000,000 yen for seven weeks. At this rate more than 300,000,000 yen in gold will have to be sent abroad this year. Probably it will be more, since reserves of military supplies laid up in great quantity last year in anticipation of the war are being drawn down and will have to be replenished. Imports will have to rise before the end of the year as exports decline. Success or failure for Japan, solvency or collapse, turns mainly on foreign trade, and the outlook is far from promising. Japan can come through only if she can increase her foreign trade far beyond what it was in the best years of the famous trade offensive. But from every indication foreign trade will decline instead.

This being the setting within Japan, the Japanese army finds itself in a position in which it must conquer all of China or acknowledge failure and retreat. The latter it would not do even if it could. The difficulty of the former it is just beginning to realize. What it does not yet realize is that impossibility is a more accurate description than difficulty. As the task the Japanese army has set for itself measurably increases and progress diminishes, the means for carrying it out dwindle too. Even in the human element the decline is serious. General Sugiyama officially admitted early in February that the Japanese had lost 20,000 killed in action up to that time. The Japanese are given to understatement in casualty figures. Probably there were more. In the hard fighting along the Yellow River and the Lunghai Railway there have probably been 10,000 more killed since then. At the accepted ratio of dead to wounded, this would mean a total loss of 120,000 men. There are probably many more.

Never since the Japanese came out of seclusion in 1853 have they learned or unlearned so much in nine months as they have since last July. They are attempting simultaneously to conquer China, arithmetic and time. Of the last two they had never thought and on the first they had fatally miscalculated. They are making dangerously slow progress with the first and are steadily losing ground with the third. Japan has even more cruel lessons still before her.

NATHANIEL PEFFER

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A British Peace Program

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd, if Peace were there.
A hollow winde did seem to answer, No:
Go seek elsewhere.

OUR TROUBLES are of our own making and our errors are obvious at the time when we made them. The guilt of the Treaty, of French policy for ten years after that and of our own weakness and betrayals since then, we all now acknowledge. But behind this there has been at work another cause of undoing, where we have been, not guilty, but deceived. We have assumed that a negative pacifism, backed by no sanctions and supported by no definite undertakings, would prevail against a positive militarism, whenever and wherever that might arise. If we now look back, is it not evident that positive militarism was sure to arise somewhere at some time? With a slightly different turn of events it would have come, not from Germany, but from Russia. The Japanese aggression is largely independent of European totalitarianism. Negative pacifism was most unlikely to stand any severe strain. We have been relying on an illusion.

With the instrument of negative pacifism broken in their hands, the Prime Minister and his group seek for peace, it seems, "in a secret cave." Their policy is not lightly to be rejected. To gain time, to avoid at all costs any risk of war, how much there is to be said for it! To keep our own liberties and lives and happiness intact, to attain true isolation in a disastrous world, withdrawing to our secret caves from Cornwall to Orkney as to a cloister, how willingly, and perhaps rightly, would many of us retreat. But if the Prime Minister gathers to his support those whom a withdrawal instinctively attracts, he gains followers who do not belong to him, and whom he deceives. For this is not what he means. He has not decided, once and for all, to abandon British power in the Mediterranean and to surrender without resistance the more vulnerable portions of the British Empire. Far from it. He is not escaping the risks of war. He is only making sure that, when it comes, we shall have no friends and no common sense. He is forgetting the imponderables of the world, the power of courageous bearing, the majesty of right action, the comfort and stiffening to our friends of faithful words and counsel. He is leaving all the imponderables to the other side, allowing them to exploit the foreseen and the inevitable for purposes of terror and prestige. Yet what a response an act of constructive statesmanship would evoke! Is it impossible to build a bridge between "I dare not" and "I would"? What would one do if one had the power?

There is no middle position today between non-resistance and a *positive* pacifism. Within the scope of the existing League of Nations we must, therefore, set out to construct a new European pact open to all the European members of the League who would give definite undertakings to one another and the power to act by the voice of the majority; since we know by experience that a League with *no* definite sanctions and a *liberum veto* for each member is useless. The constitution of such a European League could be extremely simple. For example, the three major League Powers, Great Britain, France and Russia, would have ten votes each; Poland and Czechoslovakia four votes each; Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, the Scandinavian and the Balkan countries two votes each; the Baltic states and Spanish provinces one vote each. All the members, subject to the safeguards which follow, would bind themselves to abide by a majority vote as to the fact or imminence of aggression, involving two European powers, the appropriate action to avert or meet it, and all other matters, following in general the procedure and principles of the existing League, without, however, any specific guarantee of the *status quo*. It is not essential that all the eligible powers should adhere from the outset. The pact should begin to function with the three major powers and any others who were ready to join.

If our politicians mean anything by their lip-service to collective security, they have a duty to make some such proposal as this. But there is one urgent matter which they must settle first. The British and French governments, out of regard both to their own and the general interest, must demand an immediate armistice in Spain and a negotiated peace with independence for Catalonia and the Basque provinces; and, in the event of refusal, there should be an end of "non-intervention" and a free hand to France with our full support.

It is also a necessary preliminary to new guarantees that Czechoslovakia should at least attempt to negotiate with Germany a reasonable solution of the problem of the Sudeten Germans even if this means a rectification of the Bohemian frontier. Racial frontiers are safer and better today than geo-physical frontiers. But such things will give us no enduring relief except as facilitating a new European pact.

The sanctions attaching to the new pact would be of three orders. The first, financial assistance and the rupture of relations. The second, a blockade. The third, a full military alliance. But the smaller powers with less than four votes should not be committed to join in any sanctions without their own assent in the particular case. The members of the pact among themselves would, of course, accept the results of arbitration, en-

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dorsed by a majority vote of the members, in all matters of dispute between them, including frontiers, renouncing altogether the instrument of war. Their general staffs would be in regular collaboration with particular reference to air defense and blockade. But they should be concerned not less with the arts of peace and aim at becoming the nucleus of a new system of freedom in trade and intercourse, so that to be a citizen of the European League would be to enjoy again the old personal liberties. We ourselves should offer on reciprocal terms freedom of trade, freedom of investment, freedom of remittance and freedom of movement and employment of individuals, or, failing that, trade and currency agreements going as far as practicable in these directions; subject only to safeguards relating to wholesale or abnormal movements of capital or population. There should be an offer to Germany to make organized arrangements for all German and Austrian Jews who wish to migrate.

What would be the relation of the new League to the old League? The new League would be the first-born offspring of the old, domiciled at Geneva, dwelling in amity in its parent's house, sharing all common interests and activities. But the old League should be relieved of its inoperative organs. The articles relating to sanctions should go and all European problems should be handled in the first instance by the new League. When the European League decided to act, the members of the old League, including the British Dominions, would be invited of their own free will to participate in the decision. The hope would be for the blessing of other offspring, in particular an American League, headed by the United States and limited in membership to the American continents; and perhaps in due course a Pacific League, an African League, a League of Middle and Nearer Asia.

None of these proposals is dangerous. Their whole object is the avoidance of war. But we are suffering today from the worst of all diseases, the paralysis of will. Nothing can be more dangerous than that. We have become incapable of constructive policy or decisive action. We are without conviction, without foresight, without a resolute will to protect what we care for. We just rearm a little more, grovel a little more, and wait to see what happens. We mutter the necessity for collective security and do not lift a finger to achieve it. Our strength is great, but our statesmen have lost the capacity to appear formidable. It is in that loss that our greatest danger lies. Our power to win a war may depend on increased armaments. But our power to avoid a war depends much more on our recovering that capacity to appear formidable which is a quality of will and demeanor. Mr. Churchill understands this vital element of policy, but Mr. Chamberlain seems to forget it. The dictators appear much more formidable, the democratic powers much less formidable, than they really are. It is the reversal of that position which will serve most effectively to preserve the peace. If we want to lure the adversary to his destruction, let us sharpen our teeth and silence our snarl. But if we wish to keep him at a distance, the lion's roar is worth more than his power to spring.

We are learning to honor more than formerly the achievements of our predecessors and the Christian civilization and fundamental laws of conduct which they established in a savage world. We are seeing and enduring events, worse than which have not been seen and endured since man became himself. If we still recognize the difference, not merely between peace and war, but between good and evil and between right and wrong, we need to rouse up and offer leadership.

London J. M. KEYNES

TWO POEMS BY W. B. YEATS

Lapis Lazuli

(For Harry Clifton)

I have heard that hysterical women say
They are sick of the palette and fiddle-bow,
Of poets that are always gay,
For everybody knows or else should know
That if nothing drastic can be done
Aeroplane and Zeppelin will come out,
Pitch like King Billy bomb-balls in
Until the town lie beaten flat.

All perform their tragic play,
There struts Hamlet, there is Lear,
That's Ophelia, that Cordelia;
Yet they, should the last scene be there,
The great stage curtain about to drop,
If worthy their prominent part in the play,
Do not break up their lines to weep.
They know that Hamlet and Lear are gay,
Gayety transfiguring all that dread:
All men have aimed at, found and lost,
Black out; Heaven blazing into the head.
Tragedy wrought to its uttermost,
Though Hamlet rambles and Lear rages,
And all the drop scenes drop at once
Upon a hundred thousand stages,
It cannot grow by an inch or an ounce.

On their own feet they came, or on shipboard,
Camel-back, horse-back, ass-back, mule-back,
Old civilizations put to the sword;
Then they and their wisdom went to rack:
No handiwork of Calimachus
Who handled marble as if it were bronze,
Made draperies that seemed to rise
When sea-wind swept the corner, stands;

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His long lamp chimney shaped like the stem
Of a slender palm, stood but a day;
All things fall and are built again
And those that build them again are gay.
Two Chinamen, behind them a third,
Are carved in Lapis Lazuli,
Over them flies a long-legged bird,
A symbol of longevity;
The third, doubtless a serving-man,
Carries a musical instrument.

Every discoloration of the stone,
Every accidental crack or dent
Seems a water-course or an avalanche,
Or lofty slope where it still snows
Though doubtless plum or cherry-branch
Sweeten the little halfway house
Those Chinamen climb towards, and I
Delight to imagine them seated there;
There, on the mountain and the sky,
On all the tragic scene they stare;
One asks for mournful melodies;
Accomplished fingers begin to play;
Their eyes mid many wrinkles, their eyes
Their ancient, glittering eyes, are gay.

Those Images

What if I bade you leave
The cavern of the mind?
There's better exercise
In the sunlight and wind.

I never bade you go
To Moscow or to Rome,
Renounce that drudgery,
Call the Muses home.

Seek those images
That constitute the wild,
The lion and the virgin,
The harlot and the child.

Find in middle air
An eagle on the wing,
Recognize the five
That make the Muses sing.

Day in Spain

The article appearing below was written by Miss Lillian Hellman at the request of Walter Winchell, to be published in Mr. Winchell's widely syndicated column. After it was prepared, however, the King Features Syndicate, owned by W. R. Hearst, refused to permit it to be distributed to the newspapers taking Mr. Winchell's column.—THE EDITORS

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK on an October day in Valencia it is usually warm and sunny. I stopped at the flower market and bought a bunch of flowers and some green leaves I had never seen before. I went around the corner and down the street and felt good walking in the hot sunshine. Ahead of me was a cat and I don't think I paid any attention to what had happened until I saw the cat suddenly sit down in the middle of the street. While I stood there looking at him, I began to hear the sirens. A woman with a pushcart suddenly picked up a little girl, threw the child on the cart, and wheeled it swiftly away. I think a few people began to run, but most people stopped, suddenly, and then moved on again more swiftly. I knew afterwards, by the way my jaw felt, that I had been pressing my teeth together too hard. I turned, too, and began to walk, and told myself over and over again that as long as the sirens sounded the planes had not yet arrived. I didn't really believe that, but people were standing quietly in the open square, looking up. I went through the square quickly and towards my hotel and when I first heard the noise of the motors I didn't want to turn to see where they were. I thought: in that hotel room is a toothbrush, a clean nightgown, a cake of soap, an old coat and a box of lousy candy. Yet I am hurrying to it, it is where I am trying to go, it is the place where I have what belongs to me. And I knew, suddenly, why even the poorest women in Madrid wanted to stay with what was theirs.

But when I got to the corner of the hotel, the noise of the planes was close. I stopped at the corner and leaned against the wall. The planes were high in the east and flying fast. Next to me were two soldiers. One of them had a bunch of grapes in his hand. In a minute he said something to his friend and pointed in another direction. From the south four planes were flying towards us. They came up, swung around. Suddenly the soldier touched my arm and shouted, "They are ours." "There go ours." Then he pulled off some grapes, wiped them clean on his coat, and handed them to me. He said, "Our planes are up. It's all right, now." It wasn't all right. In the section around the port, three minutes later, the Italian bombers killed sixty-three people. But as we ate the grapes and smiled at each other; we didn't know that.

I drove up to the base hospital at Benacasim with Gustav Regler. Regler, who is a Jesuit-trained Catholic, was a fairly well known novelist until Hitler came in. He was a captain in the World War and had been badly injured in this, the "little war," when his car was bombed to pieces going up to the front lines. Driving fast towards Benacasim, we talked about writers

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and writing and got excited and argued and had fun. We got to Benacasim at dinner time, and the Germans and the Americans were eating at one large table. Some of their wives were there with them and I thought what good-looking people they all were and how generous they were with their food and cigarettes. (There wasn't much food and it was very bad.) Later that night, lying on a straw bed next to the wife of a Czech army officer, I thought that these foreigners from everywhere were noble people. I had never used the word noble before, and it came hard, even to say it to myself. They had come a long way to Spain, most of them making the cruel sixteen-hour walk across the Pyrenees. When it was over, if they came out alive, or with enough arms and legs to seem alive, there would be no glory and no reward. They had come because they thought that if a man believed in democracy he ought to do something about it. That's all they would go home with—wherever home was. Lying there, I prayed, for the first time in many years, that they would get what they wanted.

The next morning the American, Dr. Busch, Regler, the political commissar and I went on a round of visits. In the third room we visited, there were two men. One was a Canadian. One was a New York boy with that small, pinched, pale face that is so common among poor people in New York. The Canadian had lost his foot and didn't know it yet. The American boy was lying on his left side, his face twitching with pain. He was so bad that I couldn't look at him and, as Busch went over to the bed to examine him, I moved away. The political commissar was a fat little man who had just recovered from a bad spine wound. I heard the New York boy cry out in pain and I said to the political commissar, "What's the matter with him?" He said, "He was shot through the kidneys and through the thigh. The thigh wound is open." I said, "Can't you give him dope? Listen to him scream." The commissar nodded, "Sure. Busch will give him something. But don't mind the boy too much: he's a bad hypochondriac."

In the courtyard of the press office in Madrid, somebody has put a great many big statues. Nobody is very clear about how they got there, or what they are, or why they are there, but everybody agrees they are very bad statues indeed. Wednesday night, at about seven o'clock, a newspaper man said to me, "They're pretty awful. If they've got to shell, why can't they ever hit these things?" We reached the door to the street, "Can you find your way in the dark?" and I laughed and said sure, I was old enough not to be afraid of the dark. But when I opened the door and came out on the sidewalk, I knew that was a foolish thing to have said.

Without meaning to, I gasped. It is a terrible thing to see a city in complete darkness. A modern city is not meant to be without light at night: the buildings meet at the top in distorted triangles, and the sky seems too close to the earth. I went down the street, trying not to stumble, trying to find the curb of the sidewalks, trying not to step in holes. Twice I got lost, and once I turned my ankle and fell, and when I got up I was crying, and thought I was crying because my ankle hurt. But when I finally got to the hotel, I ran through it, feeling safe again. That was at seven o'clock. At eight-fifteen there was a sudden, whistling noise and and then a far-off, muffled crash. A few minutes later, an English girl who worked in the Blood Transfusion Institute opened my door and came in to ask what I had done that day, did I like Madrid, did I want a drink, couldn't she—and stopped to listen and then to talk again quickly.

They were dropping forty shells a minute into Madrid and the whistling noise was growing very close. She turned to me, "Do you know what that is?" "Yes," I said, "shelling." "All right," she said. "I came up because I knew it was your first time. Come in the bathroom and you'll be able to tell how close it is." We went into the bathroom and she sat on the tub and watched me. In a few minutes the whistling went straight by the corner window and the crash this time was heavy, not sharp, and very close. She got up. "I'll go see if I can do anything. Go down to the dining room. It's in the center of the building." I said, "What good does that do?" She laughed, "Not much," and went out. I stood there looking out into the darkness. There were no sounds but the whistling, the flight of the shell and then a sharp or a dull crash. Suddenly there was a long heavy sound in the darkness—I think it was from a man—and through it a second sound. When the sound from the man ceased, the second sound came clear: a child was screaming, shrilly. In the hour and a half that Madrid was shelled that night there were many other sounds. Some of those sounds have no name in English.

This was the damage done that night: eighty people had been killed, two hotels had been hit, one grocery store and some houses in the poorest section of the town were gone, the press office had three shells in it, and the gentleman who didn't like the statues had been there to see two of the statues get two shells. In a kitchen back of my hotel, a blind woman was holding the bowl of soup that she came to get each night. She was killed eating the bowl of soup. Afterwards an Englishman said to me, "Not much sense to this kind of killing. They don't even try for military objectives any more, or for men. When I was on the Franco side, a few months ago, I heard the German technicians call this 'the little war.' They're practising. They're testing, testing the guns. They're finding the accuracy of the guns, they're finding the range." Finding the range on a blind woman eating a bowl of soup is a fine job for a man.

LILLIAN HELLMAN

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Shall They Starve?

FEW PEOPLE REALIZE how desperate the relief problem in the United States has become. Few people, that is to say, beside the twenty million or more men, women and children who depend upon local, state or federal government assistance for the necessities of life. The fact is that the present depression has thrown us into an emergency very nearly as serious as the breakdown of relief administration this country experienced in 1931 and 1932. The widespread layoffs in industry since the fall have flooded relief agencies all over the country with applications they have neither the funds nor the personnel to handle. And while the pleas for government aid grow more and more insistent, the relief bureaus are under heavy pressure to cut down on their budgets. Nowhere in the United States are the unemployed and the destitute getting adequate help. Unless some drastic emergency aid is given them, the prospects for the near future are even worse.

There was no provision for the wholesale unemployment that came after 1929. There were no agencies equipped to handle the administration of relief other than private charities and the hit-or-miss local systems of poor relief. There was no money to meet the cost of keeping millions of helpless Americans alive. Public opinion had not even agreed that it is the government's duty to provide for those the industrial economy does not support. By 1932 the federal government had begun to assist local agencies with their insurmountable problems: the Reconstruction Finance Corporation lent them money and in 1933 the Federal Emergency Relief Administration was created to help out in the crisis that was supposed to disappear in the course of a relatively short time. Anyone who suggested that the unemployment problem might hang on indefinitely was regarded as a professional pessimist. Yet today the crisis is here again and we are just about as surprised and unprepared as we were in the winters of 1929 and '30.

With the arrival of some measure of recovery in 1934 and 1935 and the creation of the Works Progress Administration in the fall of 1935, we returned to the method of letting local agencies handle their own relief problems. The theory was that the federal government would provide work for all employables on the relief rolls while the cities and states maintained those who were too young or too old to work, or physically handicapped. The theory has never been put into actual practice. There have continuously been a large number of employables on direct relief for whom the WPA had no place, who therefore had to be cared for by their local agencies or not at all. But the theory was that the peak of the emergency had been passed by 1935 and that it was time to return to the traditional policy of care by the community for its own citizens.

Today we are administering relief in the United States according to the same principle, even though the cities and states are obviously unable to carry their share of the burden. The most conservative estimates put the total figure for unemployment at 12,000,000 and it is probably closer to 14,000,000 in reality. And while the rolls of relief applicants grow (often double, sometimes treble), the appropriations for relief are everywhere being curtailed. Everybody is sick of the problem. The emergency of 1932 has not been passed, but the public enthusiasm over meeting the crisis has largely died down. When a state legislature is asked to increase its appropriation for relief, its attitude is likely to be a cold one. The legislators can't remain steamed up over the question for six years and, because so much has to be done and there's so little to show for all the money and energy that have been poured into the breach, the legislators are tempted to fall into the easy answer: the unemployed are bums anyway; they could get jobs if they really tried. Why worry about a pack of bums?

In some respects the problem today is more difficult than it was in 1932. The prosperity that preceded the depression of 1929 had enabled a great many families to build up some sort of reserve to fall back on in case the income source should be cut off. Men who had held jobs all their lives, who had built up savings accounts and bought homes and automobiles, were able to carry on for several years, in many cases, after they were fired. They sold their possessions, borrowed money on their homes and insurance policies until every last resource had been tapped and they were forced to make application at the relief bureau. That was the type of case that began to come into the relief picture in about 1933. It was also the type of case that was the first to leave the relief rolls when recovery began. But although many of the heads of these families were able to get their jobs back, or to find new ones in 1935 and 1936, there has been no time for them to build up any reserves.

One important advance since 1932 is the organization that has been set up to administer relief, even though all the organization in the world cannot make up for lack of funds. The experience we have gained is a valuable asset. What we need is a realization of how serious the present emergency is and of how much money will be needed to meet it.

Relief in New York City.—Of all the cities in the United States, New York does the best by its unemployed. It has great resources and a population that is

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particularly aware of the social problems of its underprivileged citizenry. Under LaGuardia, it has also had a city administration keenly devoted to maintaining the best relief standards it can. A hard look at what being on relief in New York City is like, remembering all the while that this is better than anywhere else, gives you an idea of the way the relief problem really shapes up.

Out of the 183,000 families on home relief, take the case of the Stella family. There are five in the family, Joseph and his wife Lily and the three boys, George, aged fourteen, Harry, eleven, and Pete who is three. They live in three rooms on the fourth floor of a tenement on Second Avenue. It has a gas stove, but no toilet. At the end of the hall on the floor below is the toilet which three families share. The Stellas use the washtub in their kitchen for a bath. Joe Stella has been on relief since 1934, when the last of his savings, carefully hoarded during the twenty-seven years he had worked as a tailor, were gone. In September, 1935, he was transferred from home relief to the WPA and they put him to work in Central Park with a gang repairing the stone gutters along the shoulders of the roadway. At the end of November the WPA medical division had to send Joe back to the ERB because he had contracted a severe case of rheumatism and it looked as though he might easily develop tuberculosis. He had to go back on home relief, unfit for manual labor.

The Stellas' relief allowance gives them $19 a month for rent, but their apartment costs them $25. The difference of $6 has to come out of the money they are supposed to spend on food, because the other items in the budget, gas for cooking and electricity and household supplies remain fixed. As a result, the $35 a month they are allowed for food becomes in practice something less than $29. Trying to feed a family of five on $29 a month is no easy job. It comes down to an average of about six cents a meal per person, and then only if the family can spend nothing on clothing. The regular allowance makes no provision for clothes. In purchasing food, Lily Stella buys whatever is cheapest in the market. Last week, for example, it was beets. For breakfast on Tuesday the Stellas had bread and butter and coffee and at lunch time Mrs. Stella made beet soup. They had it again for supper and on Wednesday noon the family had boiled beets. On Thursday they ate beets again—sliced this time. The Department of Welfare does a good job of preparing diets for the Stellas to follow, but they are based on the assumption that the family can afford to spend the full amount of its food allowance on food. The model diet has to ignore the possibility of a breakdown in the Stellas' budget because otherwise it is impossible to figure out a minimum essential ration of vitamins and calories. And the Stellas, who know about the hundred various ways in which their relief check is absorbed, are finding out how true that is.

When the 10-percent cut in home relief became effective on March 25 it meant an 18-percent cut in the amount the Stella family could spend for food. Unless some way is found of raising the money to rescind the cut, the problem of getting enough to eat will continue to be just that much more impossible. Remember that the Stella family is probably better off in New York City than it would be anywhere else in the United States. Their relief check, inadequate as it is, would be smaller elsewhere. And in addition the city does something in the way of providing medical care to those who need it, of distributing milk and cod-liver oil and whatever clothing it can obtain.

The survey made by the American Association of Social Workers uncovered a picture of unbelievable destitution throughout the country. In Douglas County, Nebraska, for example, the average amount of relief per family is $6.90 a month and only about 20 percent of the families that need help are getting it. In Chicago, where the city's entire appropriation for 1938 is already nearly exhausted, the Association studied the clothing needs of one hundred men, picked at random from the relief rolls. Out of the whole lot only enough decent shoes, underwear, jackets and overcoats could be collected to clothe twenty-eight of them.

In Arkansas the average monthly relief allowance for a family is $6. In Little Rock, during February, it was discovered that two thousand families without any income were receiving no aid whatsoever and were on the verge of starvation.

In California, the woeful tale of relief problems is complicated by the plight of the migratory farm workers in the San Joaquin Valley and in other agricultural regions. Migratory families are ineligible for either county or state relief, and there are about 13,000 of them, most of them from the Oklahoma and Texas dust bowls, living in tents and squatter shacks in their ditchbank camps, facing a completely blank future.

In Louisiana, where relief funds are hopelessly inadequate, the custom is to give 75 percent of the money needed to supply a family's basic needs. If, for example, the minimum on which a family of four can buy food, fuel, household supplies and pay the rent is $50, the relief check is made out for $38.

In St. Louis, the Board of Education reports that out of the 70,000 school children given physical examinations during the past year, 6,000, or about eight percent, are undernourished. This in spite of the fact that the schools give free milk and balanced free lunches to counteract the poor food the children get at home. The crop of new children entering school for the first time each year keeps the percentage up, because so many of them have not been getting enough of the right things to eat.

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It hardly matters what community you examine. In every case the problem is the same: growing lists of families who are desperately in need of help matched against curtailed relief budgets and constant pressure to cut down on the aid that is being given. The people who are lucky enough to be getting relief at all are not getting enough. And on top of that problem you have to add the hundreds of thousands of families who are just outside the pale of eligibility, who should be getting help now, because in the course of a short time they will have bogged down into the class of the completely helpless. To qualify for relief a family must be entirely destitute. Nobody can even think about the problem of rescuing the families that are scraping along somehow for the time being, but are headed inevitably for the relief-application bureau. All we are doing at present is fighting to keep the very worst cases from starvation, and right now we don't seem to be winning even that battle.

What Are We Going to Do? – One of the first things we will have to do is realize that unemployment and the need for relief are at least as permanent as the economic society we are trying to make run. Since 1930 we have had between seven and fifteen million unemployed and nobody has a good reason to expect that in some miraculous way our industry will soon take all of this number, or even the greater part of it, back. There were millions of unemployed in 1928 and 1929, and the ravages of long depression have certainly added heavily to the number of men and women who have no hope of getting work for the rest of their lives. There are all kinds of things that can be done to reduce the size of the body of unemployed. We have just begun work, for example, on a comprehensive social-security program in the form of insurance against losing one's job or being sick or being too old to work. But long before we can obtain a program of this sort that could take care of the whole problem, we shall have to face any number of crises of the sort we now experience. There is no point in continuing the pretense that the dilemma of relief is a peculiar phenomenon of 1932 or of 1938.

Once there is agreement that relief is a permanent problem, there are still two questions of basic importance to answer. First, can the cities and states handle their own relief burdens? And, second, what sort of relief should the unemployed get? Probably the best answer to the first question is the record the cities and states have made since the federal government stopped administering direct relief. Even with the enormous help they have had from the WPA (in the form of taking responsibility for a big percentage of the employables in every county), the local agencies have not been able to give adequate relief. And this is not so very odd, because the cities with the greatest number of unemployed are also the cities that have suffered the greatest reductions in revenue and are, consequently, least able to give aid. It is absurd that an unemployed man in Lincoln, Nebraska, should have to suffer more than an unemployed man in Newark, New Jersey, because of the accident of his geographical being. But he does.

The federal government is the only agency with sufficient power to handle the problem of raising the necessary funds. Local governments, faced with the necessity for increasing their revenues, have too often had to turn to the sales tax as an expedient, and this tax hits hardest the very section of the population which needs help. It is up to the federal government to accept the ultimate responsibility for the unemployed, to fill in the gaps that the local agencies cannot stop.

The decision as to what sort of relief ought to be administered is concerned with the merits of direct relief versus work relief, and nearly everybody is familiar with the arguments put forth by proponents of each type. Direct relief is cheaper, at least in the short run, and figured only in the dollars-and-cents cost of keeping the unemployed from starving. Direct relief, however, is demoralizing to the worker who has held a job all his life and then is forced to sit around on the "dole." The skilled craftsman loses his expertness, the unskilled worker gets no chance to learn. The longer a worker stays on direct relief the less likely it becomes that he will ever be able to get a job at anything like the work he should be capable of doing.

If a free choice between the two were possible, work relief for all the country's employables would certainly be the more desirable. But until we have made sure that no one is starving there is hardly time to discuss the comparative merits of alternative forms of government assistance. Let the federal government first make sure that the local agencies can give adequate help to everyone, and then let it tackle the job of putting men to work doing the countless useful and constructive things there are to do, jobs that will continue to pay back dividends long into the future.

This is what we ought to do, but we haven't even started. In all parts of the country, in fact, the slow and unplanned tendency is in precisely the opposite direction. The federal government, instead of shouldering more and more responsibility, has passed the brunt of the problem on to the cities and states. Local agencies, at the same time, look forward to reduced expenditures during the remaining months of this year. The mess is so huge and so complex that everyone, the press, the public, the legislators who must take action, is sick and tired of the problem of relief. And nobody is quite so sick or quite so tired as the unemployed. Surely we are going to wake up to the enormous seriousness of this inertia. Surely the richest country in the world can manage to keep its population from starvation.

BRUCE BLIVEN JR.

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Shoot the Works

Miss Perkins Reconsidered

I WANT TO PASS A POSEY TO Miss Frances Perkins. Very few flowers have been flowing in her direction. The great industrial leaders hate her cordially. Labor is lukewarm in its support. And that's a pity. More than any other Secretary of Labor she has been a forthright supporter of trade unionism. And she is no fool. One of the most preposterous criticisms of Miss Perkins is embodied in the Broadway musical hit "I'd Rather Be Right." Here the only feminine member of the New Deal Cabinet is held up as a person interested in Washington small talk and gossip.

Frances Perkins has her faults but they do not lie along the line of frivolity. She is in the best and the worst sense of the phrase "a serious thinker." She knows her stuff. Her weakness is a failure to realize that newspaper reporters are no longer kindergarten pupils in the matter of labor news. In all fairness to Miss Perkins, it should be admitted that four or five years ago there were hardly more than half a dozen representatives of the working press who had any education at all in the history or details of trade unionism. The condition is much better now.

But it is always a mistake for a public official to lecture newspaper men and women. It is also a mistake to fall away from candor. Miss Perkins is still on the black book of Washington reporters because on one occasion she denied that she had been in conference with Mr. Sloan of General Motors at a time when some of the scouts had seen him coming out of her office. That was not strategic.

On the other hand Frances Perkins has done a good job in her own right and has also established a highly efficient organization in her own department. Many legends were circulated about her hostility to her former assistant Ed McGrady. This I think was pure moonshine. I met McGrady seven or eight weeks after his resignation and asked him what his relations had been with his chief. He said in effect that he admired her very much and had a great respect for her ability. He did intimate that he thought Secretary Perkins had aroused antagonism by verbal failures in dealing with people on both sides of the fence.

I wish John L. Lewis would go out of his way pretty soon to pat Miss Perkins on the back. I don't think he likes her, but that is an impression I gather entirely from newspaper stories. I also know, as a matter of public record, that William Green is not in her corner. But believers in the policy of industrial unionism should never forget the fact that it was Frances Perkins who first stated the case for organization in the steel industry. She was truly a pioneer when she made her NRA speech concerning the necessity of unionism in steel.

Certain criticisms of the functioning of the Labor Department do not fairly lie at the door of the Secretary. Under the present regime the policy of deportation has been considerably softened. To be sure, the present practices are by no means ideal. The drive against Harry Bridges is not based on the fact that he was born in Australia. He's under fire because he has efficiently organized the maritime workers.

Even more bizarre and extravagant is the drive against Pritchett, the president of the woodworkers. Mr. Pritchett is charged with the serious crime of being a Canadian. For years one of the proudest boasts at formal international dinners has been the fact that the boundary line between the United States and our northern neighbor is not fortified. And of course many A. F. of L. and CIO unions are international. Since our unions are international in their scope as far as Canada and the United States are concerned, they should not be cross-hatched by petty and technical points concerning citizenship.

Frances Perkins has some blemishes on her record in regard to radicals. But I choose to believe that her own beliefs and instincts are fundamentally progressive. At such times as she has failed it is my notion that she has erred under the weight of pressure. And it is up to labor to stand by a woman who is distinctly friendly. To me it seems a tragic thing that enlightened labor leaders have been so lazy in lending support to the Secretary.

And I would also indict those Washington correspondents who are at heart liberal. I don't think they have been fair to Frances. Paul Ward in particular has done a lot of sniping, and I remember very well what Paul Y. Anderson once said to me. Anderson explained, "I'm in a tough spot. For years I've been running up and down Washington hating almost everybody in public office. I've become a habitual viewer with alarm. I haven't had a chance to point with pride since I was a pup and I've said, 'Why don't we have people like Ickes and Frances Perkins as public servants?' Now we've got them. I'm disappointed. The failure may be mine or theirs. I liked them better as potentialities than as executives."

This is not a literal transcript of what Paul Y. Anderson said, but I hope I've caught the spirit. The fault may lie somewhere between the two, but I'm inclined to say that progressive commentators have missed a good many tricks in their failure to bestow a few compliments and give some effective support to liberal administrators. I'm well aware of the fact that the New Deal is not in any sense 100-percent kosher from a progressive point of view. But it is the best we have and the best we're likely to get within our decade. Accordingly I am for the united front. I do not think that either Franklin Delano Roosevelt or Frances Perkins should be swallowed whole by progressives. It ought to be the privilege of anybody who comes to the table to add salt and pepper according to his taste. But I must insist that there is nothing more stupid than the policy of chiming in during bombardments with the batteries on the extreme right.

Moses, and I refer to the gentleman of Genesis, was once hard pressed in battle. And the forces of Israel could not prevail unless he held his hands up. In this emergency he called upon two young men to support his elbows. I do not know whether they agreed with him utterly. But they knew which side they were on. And from noon until nightfall they stood steadfastly and upheld the arms of Moses.

Right now the Philistines, the Moabites and the Syrians are upon us. Pick your cause. And when you have chosen your side, lend a hand until the sun goes down or even till the new dawning.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Washington Notes

Great Caesar Fell

THE CASE OF THE REORGANIZATION BILL shows that Mr. Roosevelt, about a third of Congress and a good section of the general public need to be given aspirin and sent to bed. The fight over the bill has been remarkably like the Supreme Court feud of a year ago. Had Mr. Roosevelt been willing to compromise in the latter, he almost certainly could have had the naming of two Justices without fuss or broken bones. In the present instance, if he had consented to take Senator Wheeler's amendment of three weeks ago, all would have been peace and tolerably good feeling.

Mr. Wheeler's amendment was an extremely technical affair. It was, nevertheless, the only important point in dispute. Under the administration bill presented by Senator Byrnes, shifts made in government departments and bureaus by Mr. Roosevelt were binding unless vetoed by a majority vote of Congress. Pink-eyed legislative ferrets pointed out that Mr. Roosevelt would be able to veto Congress' veto, which could then be repassed by Congress only by a two-thirds vote. (I warned you this would grow complicated.) Mr. Wheeler brought forth a miracle of legislative ingenuity, the details of which we will hastily pass over, which would have permitted Congress to register its veto by a simple majority that would be final. Last week, Mr. Roosevelt, punch-drunk from the blows he had received in the House, was himself forced to propose a roughly similar compromise, the chief difference being that his version is possibly unconstitutional.

What would he have lost by accepting the Wheeler amendment? Previously he had been assured that he would receive his six passionately silent assistants, the new Welfare Department and the new Auditor General. It may be added that the latter official, who post-audits accounts of the executive department, is likely to be much more of a curse to socially minded administrators than Comptrollers General McCarl and Elliott have been. Most of the Senate reactionaries support the change enthusiastically. There was doubt concerning the fourth of Mr. Roosevelt's principal objectives, but even here the prospect was distinctly bright.

Why did Mr. Roosevelt resist the Wheeler amendment so fiercely? Its practical importance would have been small. But if he had accepted it, the next day there might have been headlines across the country: "Wheeler Beats F. D. on Shuffle Scheme." How would that look to future researchers and historians? So Congress was turned into a snarling, slavering bear den. Mr. Roosevelt was forced—or thought he was—into a midnight rejection of a stage-property crown, as ham a performance as a President has been guilty of. Then, thirty-six hours later, his own party leaders rammed the substance of the Wheeler amendment down his throat. What might have been a minor tactical withdrawal had been elevated to a major rout.

If the White House's performance was goofy, however, look at the opposition. Mr. Frank Gannett has recently made a great success as a newspaper publisher. There is evidence that he wants to be held as a leading citizen, a molder of opinion. Those of us who go back to the misty days of 1933 recall Mr. Gannett hovering about the White House and enchanted to be a presidential consultant. Somehow Mr. Gannett's feelings were hurt—according to legend, by one of Secretary McIntyre's glorious faux-pas. Whatever happened, Mr. Gannett ricocheted clear into the Committee for the Nation, ancestor of the same to Uphold Constitutional Government

Just about a year ago the C. to U.C.G. fell on a copy of the Brownlow Committee's original reorganization report. From the point of view of administrative efficiency, it was an excellent job. Under it, however, the President could do almost anything that came into his head. A few Senators who saw it had heart failure, and the same day nearly all the copies were gathered up and destroyed. It was, of course, painfully innocent, but the C. to U.C.G., hugging its salvaged copy to its bosom, knew better. All last summer and fall, it organized with quiet frenzy.

The principal result of its effort was to revivify all the Roosevelt-haters in the country. Apparently they ranged from poor but honest nuts to important business executives who were neither. At the very beginning of the debate, the administration agreed to safeguards for the quasi-judicial agencies, which constituted the chief demand of the oppositionists, and the only conceivable basis for their cry of dictatorship. The C. to U.C.G., however, was not to be taken in by such snares. For its tidal wave of telegrams that struck Washington two week-ends ago, Father Coughlin, the pink-and-black ghost of Royal Oak, probably deserves credit for an assist.

Within the Senate itself, the opposition was partly sincere, partly driven by a desire to prick at Mr. Roosevelt. If it was foolish for Mr. Roosevelt to reject the Wheeler compromise, it was equally unnecessary for the opponents of the bill to insist on it. Members of the House and Senate competed with one another in implausible speeches and illogical votes. In the final vote in the Senate, Mr. Robert F. Wagner and Mr. Homer Bone, from hypersensitive liberalism, voted to defeat the bill, while one of the last four doubtful votes needed to pass it came from Senator "Cotton Ed" Smith, pride of Southern Bourbonism.

The administration's policy toward Mexico has become steadily more obscure. Mr. Roosevelt bends a cheery face toward President Cárdenas; the State Department is silent and grave. According to report, none of the plans so far suggested by Señor Cárdenas has a dog's chance of acceptance. Mr. Roosevelt is obviously anxious to save the good-neighbor policy and to escape the accusation of engaging in dollar diplomacy. But whether he will take the part of the Mexican oil workers against the companies is an open question.

The State Department's original indecision seems to have come from a wish to save face for Ambassador Daniels and a number of other United States diplomats. Mr. Daniels has been a warm admirer of Señor Cárdenas, and a defender of his land-division program. United States business men in Mexico City have complained of his "greaser" sympathies, and have tried to have him transferred to a diplomatic post in Europe. When the expropriation decree was announced, the Department's first anxiety was

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to proclaim that everything was well, and no mistakes in past policy had been made.

Since then there have been long, earnest telephone conversations between Mr. Daniels and the Department. The official explanation is that he was deceived. A satisfactory compromise between the oil companies and their Mexican workers had been arranged and was about to be put into effect when, unaccountably, the expropriation decree was handed down. In the writer's opinion, it is unnecessary to look for pressure from oil companies or England to account for the State Department's present stiffness. The Department has never faltered in its due deference to United States business interests abroad. It is only remarkable that Mr. Daniels was allowed to show friendliness to Señor Cárdenas for as long as he was.

Washington T.R.B.

Other People's Money

The Depression Never Looked Lovelier

WILL SOMEONE BE GOOD ENOUGH to tell us what has become of all the wise men who were predicting a year ago that we were on the eve of one of the greatest booms in our history? And where is that other collection of wise men who at the turn of the year were predicting the return of prosperity in the spring?

"Home Markets See Gradual Recovery in the New Year" headlined The New York Times. "Prosperity in 1938 Forecast by Bruere" said a Times headline January 4. Mr. Bruere is one of the financial wizards Washington sends for when it wants to know what is what. Of course the inevitable Mr. Thomas J. Watson, of the International Business Machines Corporation, who at intervals takes the public into his confidence and predicts more prosperity, was telling us things were most encouraging as the year turned. I found an economist in The New Republic actually predicting railroad recovery this year. Practically all the financial editors said the return of the boom was coming in the spring.

And now spring is here. And what confronts us? Here are the facts. Business activity is now at a point as low as any in 1934. We are almost back to the place at which the present crop of saviors took over the job of abolishing poverty.

The stock market in the week ending April 2 hit a low point that precisely equals the spot at which it stood when the first little Roosevelt boomlet exploded in the summer of 1933. In other words, according to the Times index of fifty leading stocks, we are now almost precisely where we were in August, 1933, with this difference—that then we were moving up and now we are moving down.

I would very much prefer to paint a rosier picture than this. But not only are these the facts—it has been as plain as a pikestaff any time these last eighteen months that this would be so.

And in asking what has become of the prophets, may I ask also what has become of that theory of economic government which insists on continuous action; which requires that in all situations the ruler must do something, anything, so long as it is action? If you do not know what is the matter with the patient, and while you are waiting to find out and in order to keep the family satisfied, just cut off a leg or something.

On the subject of this theory, I once talked with a distinguished research physician who told me that he had induced the medical profession of his town—this was twenty years ago—to agree to advise the families of their defunct patients to permit post-mortems on the bodies. Physicians would then have an opportunity of comparing their pre-cemetery diagnoses with the facts as disclosed by post-mortem explorations. The doctors complied heartily for a while, but soon they began to discover that they were most of the time treating their dying patients for the wrong disease. So the post-mortem practice was quickly ended. And the good doctors returned to the grand old practice of action—doing something, anything, even if it was only pulling a tooth to cure the infection.

Now the program of action in public economy seems to have bogged down and this week we find one of the most ardent columnar defenders of the administration reporting that in the very inner circle there has been the gravest gloom because of the inaction of the last six months.

But the depression continues. It doesn't seem to have any political affiliations. And of course it is nearing that point at which the old reliable inflationary groups will appear on the scene with tables, charts, resolutions, petitions and signatures and mass meetings and promises. It will soon be time to cut off another leg.

For many years the propaganda department of the New York Stock Exchange spent millions to establish in the public—and the academic and editorial—mind a small group of propositions. One of them was that the professional trader is essential to the existence of a continuous market. Another was that there is nothing improper in an Exchange member's uniting in his person and firm the character of agent for customers and speculator for himself at the same time. They got so far along with this that even the SEC, under the benign generalship of James Landis, refused to do more than get mildly interested in the subject of broker-dealer segregation. But slowly one foolish assumption after another in Wall Street is being exploded. Now The Magazine of Wall Street says editorially, following the Whitney failure: "To the maximum degree that is practically possible, the fiduciary relationships upon which the brokerage community's business is founded should be placed above suspicion. Ultimately this will probably involve a very considerable reorganization of the present set-up. While strict segregation of functions would work hardship on various wholly reputable firms, we believe a commission broker should be exactly that and nothing else. If he is a commission broker he should not be a dealer, an underwriter or a speculator —and his clients should be able to determine precisely what he is without elaborate investigations." That sounds like some of the wild, crazy things I have been saying in this column for a long time.

Then there is another hoary old fiction that the Exchange has spent a fortune to imbed in the public con-

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sciousness. This is that short-selling was really a stabilizing force and that not only did it not depress markets but actually acted to cushion them when short-sellers stepped in to cover. The Magazine of Wall Street comments on the fact that for many months in the face of very disheartening news the market, as it went down, always halted at the bottom of "the broad trading range maintained since last October." Then it proceeds to explain the reason for the market's resistance to further decline. One of the reasons is that "the new short-selling rule has made it less easy for professional traders to accentuate a reactionary trend by exploitation of unfavorable news." So, if short-selling were still as rampant as ever, the market would be even worse off. Isn't that what critics of short-selling have been saying for years?

JOHN T. FLYNN

Plays and Problems

All the Living, by Hardie Albright. Adapted from the novel "I Knew 3,000 Luanatics," by Victor R. Small. Fulton Theatre. March 24, 1938.
The Sea-Gull, by Anton Chekhov, translated by Stark Young. Shubert Theatre, March 28, 1938.

THERE IS A GOOD DEAL of scattering in the play about an insane asylum that Miss Cheryl Crawford, once a director of the Group Theatre, has just produced. The numberless details, the variety of characters and motifs, and the assortment of plots weaving in and out, never arrive at any one design. The love story introduced, or superimposed, tends to mar the play proper with something of the quality of a novel, and remains extraneous, to be resented in fact. The right proportions of the play are not achieved. And among so very many players not a few are, of course, amateur and hard to understand. But the main theme stands out, nevertheless, and is felt with excitement and fresh power. As a whole this production is a notable event in the theatre season.

The scene of "All the Living" is a state institution for the insane. The income and the staff of doctors and nurses are far below the needs of this crowded place. The budget for each patient, sixty-four cents a day for his keep and medical care, permits only the most standardized policy in the administration. And within this general order or law, as it were, the dramatic struggle takes place: an individual with his own will toward self-assertion revolts. In this instance it is a young doctor who rebels against the institutional routine by making experiments of his own. He believes that he has discovered a cure for a certain common form of insanity, and secretly abetted by another young doctor and a nurse, he has been giving injections. By a streak of inspiration the dramatist has made the rebel himself an ambitious neurotic, dangerously close to the line his patients have crossed. The opposition of the superintendent is to be expected as both natural and institutional. The final scene, where a great authority has been called in and the case is to be tested, is a capital piece of theatre, written with taste and contrived with remarkable craft for stage suspense and dramatic resolution. It is one of the best scenes we have had in a long time, directed to perfection by Mr. Lee Strasburg, and admirably played by Mr. Sanford Meisner as the adventurous young doctor and Mr. Thomas Coffin Cooke as the great specialist. Alec, the young man on whom the secret experiment has been tried and from whom the revelation of its success was, after some painful length of waiting, to appear at last, was played by Mr. Alfred Ryder. It was one of those cases where talent, in its mystery and indefinable, distinct reality, appears at once—a beautiful performance.

The settings, those rooms with their significant windows and exact homely details, by Mr. Harry Horner were both decorative and dramatic. I should say for this evening of "All the Living" that you have to do a good deal of shaking down to get its best content quite clear of drifting clutter, but that the result is worth the effort.

Good taste, or some conscience of the mind, perhaps, must keep me, as a partial sharer in the event, from writing of the Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne production of "The Sea Gull," presented by the Theatre Guild. The flood of reviews in various journals of all sorts, and the audiences packing the theatres at Baltimore, Boston and New York, will have to understudy—to use stage terms—any review in these columns. But there are divers points about this Chekhov play that may be set forth here to advantage, or at least some of them may be.

In the matter of translation—I shall never be able to say this too often—a strange thing has happened with Chekhov. It is not unique among dramatists or the visual arts, but in this instance it becomes very important in the light of Chekhov's growing fame and influence in our theatre. To be brief, what we have here is a case of a dramatist coming into English with the handicap of the wrong tone bestowed upon him by the translators.

The Garnett translation is the least harmful very likely; it suffers mostly from a lack of theatre knowledge, or shall we say the sense of speakability, without which Chekhov, since he spoke through the theatre, could not be said really to be rendered into English. But that can be, and has been in various productions, somewhat got around by clipping and mending the lines for greater naturalness or plausibility as human utterance. In general, however, the idea holds that Chekhov is something smoky as to the lines, moody, complex, soulful perhaps, certainly very often vague. I once shared this notion. And lately I have been looking into some of those translations with which I began my Chekhov acquaintance, and have searched for instances that might easily excuse or justify such a conception of his style. It is no wonder we have all thought what we did. And it is no wonder my translation of "The Sea Gull" has been with the kindest and most generous intentions praised as vigorous for modern ears, or as brightening and shortening the text, or as agreeably omitting the literal translation of the original Russian and the Russian idiom—in sum, perhaps, even as a relief. But in many respects these compliments have got the matter upside down.

The fact must always be remembered that "The Sea Gull" is not full-blown Chekhov as to manner and mood. It was written in 1895, and was the first of his plays to get attention. The complete Chekhov quality was to come five years later in such plays as "The Three Sisters" and "The Cherry Orchard." "The Sea Gull" is only in spots atmospheric in the sense usually applied to

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Chekhov; its frame is partly built and accentuated out of the older traditional European drama. Many of the critical clichés so often applied to Chekhov must, therefore, be applied to this play only with the greatest care. The same is true with regard to its production on the stage.

And as to the striking role of Arkadina, the actress, the same care must be used when judging the stage performance of the role. The player's problem turns on the acting of a personage who is always acting, or at least histrionic in all things, however sincere at the moment. The quality to be created has something in it removed from the natural, moral or social, and tinged with the super quality; it is not unlike watching parakeets or a caged panther.

In a second note we shall take some examples in point, and a few items otherwise relating to "The Sea Gull."

STARK YOUNG

The Bandwagon

War is horrid, dreadful. We abhor war. It is the taking of life from a brother man. It is the spilling out of one's own life. Yet at times war is unavoidable that things more precious than human life be safeguarded, protected defended.

Within their confines a people decrees, and righteously and correctly so, that, though blood flow, property shall be safely protected. . . . – *Mgr. Aloysius C. Dineen, pastor of the Holy Innocents Church, quoted in The New York Times.*

I will confine my remarks this afternoon to certain aspects of security frauds and doubtful business practices which have come to my attention as president of the Exchange during the past twelve months. – *From an address by Richard Whitney, entitled "Business Honesty," delivered before the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, April 24, 1931.*

April Fool!

There have been many cases of men in Storm Troop and Elite Guard uniforms entering Jewish-owned shops and carrying off whatever goods they fancied as well as money, and going into private houses and demanding large sums of money or, in default of personal jewelry, other valuables.

The police, however, today explained that the persons carrying out these outrages against property were not Storm Troopers or Elite Guards, as had appeared, but Communists who in some unexplained manner had managed to get themselves disguised in Nazi uniforms. – *Vienna dispatch to The New York Times.*

The Furtive Fur-Bearers

While many of the socially prominent people attracted to the Colonial are devout followers of the Lunts, they apparently did not consider it one of the dressier occasions. . . . They slipped in wearing inconspicuous minks and sables. – *From a news item in The Boston Traveler.*

Silver-Lining Department

Since Dr. Kurt Schuschnigg, until last Friday Austria's Chancellor, will not be able to supply the special introductory chapter he had planned for the American edition of his book, "My Austria," Knopf has arranged for a preface to the volume to be written by Dorothy Thompson. – *News item in The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

On the Moscow Trials

SIR: Is it not time that The New Republic cease shedding crocodile tears over "Moscow's lost prestige" when traitors to the Soviet Union are brought to trial . . . and recognize the service which the Soviet government has done to the international fight against fascism by exterminating fascism's agents within its borders? . . . We who are friends of the Soviet Union should be glad to think that The New Republic is as concerned for the prestige and good repute of the Soviet Union as its editorial ("Moscow Loses Caste," March 16) professes. . . . And we shall be convinced of this when you use your pages, not to "register"—and thus in reality sow—a supposed loss of confidence in the Soviet Union, but to strike at those who would undermine this growing confidence among the American people.

New York City STANLEY RANDOLPH

SIR: . . . What has happened to the Editors? . . . The New Republic has made up its mind many times in cases where the evidence was much less complete. . . . All the evidence favors a verdict of guilty as charged. . . . Where is the intellectual leadership that your liberal readers have a right to expect?

Cleveland, O. MILO W. LATHROP

SIR: . . . I have lately become perplexed, nay, profoundly disturbed by . . . one mysterious inability of your editorial writers. . . . They have no difficulty when they want to get into England, France, Germany, Poland . . . but, apparently, as soon as they go to the Russian border, an impassable barrier arises . . . yet, in your editorial of March 9 ("The Fourth Moscow Trial") you close with a statement that reveals, if it means anything at all, that you do have knowledge of Russia's closely guarded secret, internal military strength. . . .

New York City JOSEPH RATNER

SIR: . . . Your attitude as expressed about the Moscow trial is little less than dishonest. You say that the trial leaves you unconvinced, but your actions indicate that you are convinced the trials are fakes. . . . I ask: where are you going? . . .

Milwaukee, Wis. M. A. MELUIK

SIR: . . . If the accused in the Moscow trial are innocent, they are the most weak-kneed, cowardly, sniveling and unheroic revolutionaries that it has ever been my pleasure to read about. . . .

Neville Island, Pa. MELVILLE KRESS

SIR: . . . Do you not know that the men on trial were never sincere Bolsheviks? . . . Don't you want all the light possible on these trials? . . . If you will read Lenin's speeches and writings . . . also the verbatim reports of the trial in The Daily Worker. . . .

Chicago, Ill. MRS. ELLEN SCHMIDT

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SIR: . . . You have set up such a wail of lamentation over the trials that, whether you are aware of it or no, you become parties to sending many of your still more nice-minded-and-hearted liberal readers scurrying into the nearest camp of do-nothing conservatives and reactionaries. . . .

Chicago, Ill. SIDNEY BLACKSTONE

SIR: . . . Sad to say, there are among revolutionists those who are so ultra-revolutionary that they not only will not coöperate with other groups, even in the case of a common enemy, but simply keep on revolting even after their objective is well on the way to fulfilment. . . . This is the element in Russia with which the Soviets are now contending.

Los Angeles, Calif. LEE STROBEL

SIR: . . . You have tried to . . . discredit and belittle those persons who regard the trials as fraudulent and as strong evidence that the Bolshevik revolution has degenerated into a Caesarean despotism which uses the slogans and principles of Bolshevism to conceal its real nature. . . .

New York City J. V. CAMPBELL

Dr. Morgan and Morris Cooke

SIR: In the December 29 New Republic Morris L. Cooke gives a false view of Arthur E. Morgan's background. I have delayed replying in hope that he might have time to do it himself and because the lid had not yet blown off in the TVA controversy. Speaking as Arthur Morgan's son and not as his spokesman, I am not qualified to make a complete reply, but I can refute Mr. Cooke's central charges with facts.

Mr. Cooke asserts that Mr. Morgan's opposition to the use of the Miami Conservancy flood-control dams for power shows that he is opposed to public power. In making this assertion Mr. Cooke not only displays dangerous shortness of vision in dealing with flood waters, but ignorance of the nature and sites of the dams themselves. These dams were designed to control floods up to double the size of the 1913 flood. To use any part of the storage space for power purposes would reduce the safety margin by that much. Mr. Cooke calmly remarks that this margin of safety, not having been used in the fifteen years since the dams were built, is just so much waste. Morris Cooke exemplifies the danger Mr. Morgan was careful to guard against.

Flood control in Arthur Morgan's view is not a matter of decades, but of centuries. Often, during the years at Dayton, I heard him say: "These dams are to guard, not against the flood that comes once in twenty-five years, but against the flood that comes once in a hundred or two hundred years. This flood may come in a day or in a century, but it will come." Is this idle fancy? In 1913 seven inches of rain fell in five days, borne directly from the Gulf. Last week in Los Angeles eleven inches fell in five days. A run-off in pioneer days in one Midwestern valley is calculated to have involved a cloudburst of fifteen inches in twelve hours.

But does Arthur Morgan oppose all multiple-purpose dams? No, he has long been an active advocate of such dams *in their proper sites*, and has built some of the world's finest. Of course the Miami flood-control project is not correlated with any national program. When it was built there was none. Morris Cooke says the Cincinnati flood crest in 1933 would have been lower if the Miami flood had been permitted to flow out ahead of the Scioto flood. He neglects to mention that Dayton, Hamilton and Middletown would have been flooded. He neglects also to say that in usual circumstances the Miami Conservancy dams *reduce* the flood crest in Cincinnati.

No one is more keenly aware of the limitations of purely local flood control than Arthur Morgan, and it was he who first called the attention of the country to the need for a national program. (Speech, American Society of Civil Engineers, 1926; article, Atlantic Monthly, November, 1927.)

Mr. Cooke says falsely that Mr. Morgan has never been on the public side in any line-up on power. During Mr. Morgan's presidency of Antioch College, when he is alleged to have been out of touch with the forward march of public ownership, his keen interest in municipal power was largely responsible for the building of a power plant at Yellow Springs. His hope was that this plant would serve as an example of efficient power production and as a training place for students who would become organizers and managers of future municipal plants.

In response to this, private power interests sought to destroy Antioch. To this end my writings were clipped by a local power company along with those of William Leiserson, and circulated among Antioch's supporters, precipitating a financial crisis.

Yet despite years of experience with such tactics and worse, Mr. Morgan persists in fair dealing—and with astonishing success. It is this insistence on fair dealing which has given rise to the false notion that Mr. Morgan is partial to the private companies, a notion deliberately fostered by Mr. Lilienthal almost from the beginning of the TVA.

The charge that Mr. Morgan is out of step with national power policy is absurd. His policy in this field largely coincides with that of Mr. Ross, chief engineer of Bonneville Dam, and is the policy originally desired by the White House. But Mr. Lilienthal, in whose hands the TVA power policy lies, has never confided to Mr. Morgan or the public what policy he is driving at.

The real issue is not "the" national power policy, but the question of integrity and ethics as principles of government administration.

Yellow Springs, O. ERNEST MORGAN

Military Men and the Air Arm

SIR: May I rise to register a brief objection to a statement of Professor Beard's in your March 30 number? "It [the Vinson bill] originally contained a provision limiting aircraft and thus reflected that hostility to this new arm of defense which many orthodox naval and military men so deeply cherish."

I am acquainted with a great many officers of the army and navy (I assume that such officers are what Professor Beard means by "orthodox naval and military men," though the term "orthodox" seems here to imply a certain doctrinal and intellectual rigidity which is not—popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding—characteristic of the American regular officer). Also I feel that I know what is passing in the minds of such officers as are of my acquaintance, since to a certain extent I speak their language.

I have never encountered the "hostility" to the air arm which Professor Beard speaks of with such certainty. In fact, it does not exist. The difficulty here is that "all-air" enthusiasts interpret as "hostility" any attempt to seek rationally and objectively the true place of the airplane in warfare. Every informed officer knows that the airplane is a formidable weapon which will have its place, and a highly important place, in future wars. But it has not made battleships obsolete by sea, nor infantry by land. It will be the more formidable in the hands of those who will make full use of its powers of range, speed, flexibility and evasion, while neither expecting of it services beyond its very definite limitations, nor reducing it, on the other hand, to the status of a mere auxiliary to surface forces.

And this view does not depend on mere conjecture, or on extravagant predictions; it is based on the actual experience of war, the only conclusive test of the powers and limitations of any weapon. The lessons of the present operations in Spain and China have been the subject of most intensive study and evaluation by "orthodox naval and military men," who are equipped

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by long years of training and experience to draw from them accurate conclusions upon which to formulate sound and sensible defense policies for the republic to whose service they have devoted their lives.

Brooklyn, N. Y. GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

Two New York Lectures

SIR: The International Institute of Social Research, formerly affiliated with the University of Frankfurt, o. M. and since 1934 with Columbia University, has invited two outstanding European sociologists, Professor Morris Ginsberg of London and Professor C. Bouglé of Paris, to conduct private seminars within the Institute and to deliver two public lectures.

Professor Ginsberg, successor of L. T. Hobhouse as professor of Sociology in the London School of Economics, will lecture on "The Sociology of War" on April 7, 1938, at 8:30 P.M., in the Harkness Theatre, South Hall, Columbia University.

Professor Bouglé, director of the Ecole Normale Supérieure, professor of Sociology at the Univerity of Paris and member of the International Institute of Social Research, will lecture (in French) on "Philosophie et Sociologie Française" on April 19, at 8:30 P.M., at the Institute (429 West One Hundred and Seventeenth Street). He will deal with current problems of French social and cultural studies, especially the conflict between Durkheimism and Marxism against the background of French society.

New York City DR. FREDERICK POLLOCK

Mr. Beals and Mr. Halperin

SIR: I should like to comment on Mr. Maurice Halperin's review of my "America South" [The New Republic, March 23]. Halperin's "flourishing Popular Front of Chile," so much ballyhooed at the present moment by the Union Square boys and which I am accused of not stressing in my book, is a group so lacking in decent integrity that it is opportunistically backing the cutthroat military boss, ex-President Carlos Ibañez, who—to cite Dr. Inman's capable book—carried on "a spectacular industrial program built on foreign gold," gave "many privileges . . . in secret to North American economic interests," caused strikers to be "cruelly treated by the military" and abolished "freedom of the press, so long the glory of the Chilean people."

Mr. Halperin calls my statement that Aprismo, the revolutionary Peruvian movement, is a synthesis of democracy, Marxian communism and fascism, "absurd," an indication of my faulty grasp of history and the roots from which events grow. Haya de la Torre, the leader of Aprismo, has always emphasized democracy, even at this moment is fervently writing in its behalf in La Nueva Democracia in New York. He has repeatedly stated that Aprismo seeks to apply Marxian principles to Peruvian realities. Finally he believes in a nationalist solution, based on a common front of workers, the middle class and native capitalists to fight foreign imperialism. If Mr. Halperin will read Corradini or Mussolini's pre-1923 speeches, he will find the very same arguments. . . .

Short Beach, Conn. CARLETON BEALS

SIR: In the last election (March 7, 1937) the People's Front of Chile won nineteen out of forty-five seats in the Senate and sixty-six out of one hundred and forty-three in the Chamber of Deputies. Regardless of how one interprets the People's Front in Chile, it is a force to be reckoned with.

It seem fairly obvious that neither Aprismo nor any other "ismo" can achieve a synthesis of the realities of democracy, Marxian communism and fascism. Mr. Beals stops short with the terminology used by some of the Apristas. There have been and still are conflicting tendencies within the Apra Party. Today it seems to be heading definitely in the direction of what is best defined (bearing in mind that Peru is a semi-feudal and semi-colonial country) as a national revolutionary party.

Norman, Okla. MAURICE HALPERIN

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Milton Shufro writes us in regard to Professor Wayne McMillen, of the University of Chicago, who is a candidate for state senator in the Fifth Senatorial District of Illinois. This seat was formerly held by Professor T. V. Smith, also of the University of Chicago. Professor McMillen, who has contributed to The New Republic on the subject of relief, is professor of Social Administration and president of the American Association of Social Workers. His candidacy is endorsed by Grace and Edith Abbott, Charlotte Carr, Paul Douglas, Arthur Falls, Robert Morss Lovett, Harvey O'Connor, Graham Taylor and others. . . . The League of American Writers, in conjunction with the American Student Union and the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, announces a contest with a total of $1,000 in prizes for the best treatment in any form of the subject: "The anti-fascist struggle in Spain today and its relation to the general welfare of the American citizen tomorrow." The contest is open to students in American or Canadian schools and universities. Further details may be had at the League offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City or 3354 Clay Street, San Francisco. The contest closes on July 4, 1938.

Adeline Champney, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes to complain of a sentence in our editorial paragraph on the film, "The Birth of a Baby." She objects to the words "monstrous and terrifying" as applied to the fact of childbirth, which, she says, "is a simple and natural experience which entails more or less discomfort, sacrifice and suffering, but which under favorable conditions may become an adventure of deep personal and social significance, with profound emotional and psychic values and satisfactions." . . . The Book and Magazine Guild announces a Rare Book Auction to be held Friday, April 8, at 8:30 P.M., in the Rose Room of the Hotel Algonquin, New York City. Louis Kronenberger will be the master of ceremonies and the auctioneers include Franklin P. Adams, Clifton Fadiman, Heywood Broun, Frederic G. Melcher and Edward Lazare.

What's on the Air?

In an international broadcast from Vienna, Dr. Max Jordan, NBC's European representative, summarizes the results of the plebiscite, Sunday, April 10, 6 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Representative Jennings Randolph of West Virginia speaks on "America Looking Ahead," Tuesday, April 12, 7:45 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

Postmaster James A. Farley talks on "Jefferson and Roosevelt," Wednesday, April 13, 9:30 P.M., CBS.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include "The Broken Feather," by Michael Carroll, directed by William N. Robson, Saturday, April 9, 8 P.M., CBS; Artur Rodzinski conducts the NBC Symphony Orchestra, Saturday, April 9, 10 P.M., NBC-Red Network; Abram Chasins, guest soloist with the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, Sunday, April 10, 3 P.M., CBS; the Philadelphia Orchestra, Monday, April 11, 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; Alfred Wallenstein's "Symphonic Strings," Wednesday, April 13, 10 P.M., Mutual; the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, Thursday, April 14, 8:45 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and Fritz Mahler, guest conductor of the Bamberger Symphony Orchestra, Friday, April 15, 9:30 P.M., Mutual.

All times given are Eastern Standard Time.

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Books in Review

The Arts in Russia

I AM SURPRISED that "The Seven Soviet Arts,"[1] published in February, is getting so little attention. It is the first serious attempt to survey the arts of the new Russia against their cultural background. Moreover, it is sober, factual, well informed and written with less political bias than we have learned to expect. Dr. Kurt London, a German refugee, describes himself in the Preface as an old-fashioned liberal, "not afraid of sitting uncomfortably on the edges of two stools or even of falling between them." He is opposed to all dictatorships, but apparently the only convictions for which he would fight are his artistic convictions. In Moscow he often felt like fighting, especially when he was reading the Russian critics or looking at Russian pictures, but there were other moments when he burned with a fierce enthusiasm. And that, I suppose, is the reason why his book is being neglected. It won't please the politicians of any extreme faith, whether Communist or Trotskyite or plain reactionary. It won't please anybody except the few people who honestly want to know what the Russians are doing.

They are doing a great deal, as Dr. London is delighted to report. They are founding theatres for children—not Punch and Judy shows but genuine theatres, with plays that raised Dr. London to a pitch of enthusiasm almost shameless for a German Ph.D. They are finding talented youngsters and training them for the arts in a fashion that no Western nation has even attempted. They are training new audiences too. "In a few years," Dr. London says, "we shall be faced with the surprising fact that the average standard of our highly extolled Western culture has not only been equaled but actually surpassed by that of the new world beyond the Soviet frontiers."

The Soviet workers in all the arts are free from financial worries. The painters, for example, belong to a coöperative society that takes an option on their entire output during the year; they are paid in fixed monthly instalments. The writers are paid in advance for minimum printings of ten thousand copies, and paid again for every new edition. Most of the actors are engaged by the year; they never starve in furnished rooms while waiting for a new part. There are never enough books, never enough plays, never enough symphonies, never enough architects to design the new cities that spring up overnight, with their theatres and picture galleries waiting to be filled. In Russia art is a necessity, like bread, and the artists are bound to their audience by "an intense and reciprocal exchange of benefits" that exists nowhere else in the world.

But the artists have to pay a double price for their new rank and function. In the first place, their work has to meet the political standards of the ruling party. This is a condition that sounds more difficult to us than it does to the Russian artists, most of whom are sincere Communists. But in the second place, their work must also conform to the tastes of the new audience. This means at the present time, and in the present state of public opinion, that the plays have to be patriotic, the novels optimistic, the pictures true to life, the buildings monumental (and filled with red-plush furniture) and the operas easy to whistle. The leveling upward of Soviet culture has also resulted, for the moment at least, in the leveling downward of the best talents.

Dr. London is appalled by the results of the new art policy that was introduced in 1934. "Socialist realism" is now the universal slogan, and it is a good one too, if slogans are necessary in the arts. But it has been applied narrowly, rigidly and sometimes without human generosity. It has been used to condemn not only idealism and naturalism, in all their manifestations, but also pessimism (since the socialist future is bright), individualism (which gets confused with simple individuality) and formalism (which is the worst sin of all). Any work that is unexpected or hard to understand is attacked as "formalistic." There are indications that socialist realism is falling into the hands of the politicians, aided by those little artists who are filled with envy and hatred toward anyone more gifted than themselves. "The great Russian revolutionaries have become Marxist pedants and absolute reactionaries in all matters of art. Unable or unwilling to realize that art must be eternally rejuvenated . . . they are on the point of degrading their imposing cultural organizations and their wonderful system of education . . . to a legally imposed mediocrity."

At this point Dr. London is making his picture a little too dark. He deeply admires some of the artists now in disfavor—Shostakovich, Eisenstein, Tairov, Natalia Satz—and he seems to feel that the campaign against formalism is directed against his own artistic principles. In his dismay and anger he loses sight of historical perspectives. He should have remembered that the Russian artists have always tended toward extremes, toward absolutes, toward stubbornly held collective opinions. Since the Revolution there have been three successive movements that threatened to sweep everything before them. In 1920 it was constructivism (with its related schools, all emphasizing abstract form and independence of reality); in 1930 it was proletarianism (which died away almost overnight when the RAPP was dissolved in 1932). At present we have entered the reign of the socialist realists, who insist that the Soviet masses are the final arbiters of taste. But these masses don't always know what they like, or like the right things when they do. Usually they are inclined to a timid conservatism. Very well, the artists too will be timidly conservative and will condemn all technical experiments. . . . It is a thoroughly unhealthy situation, and yet I don't doubt that the Russian artists will continue to do good work; they have always done it in the past.

Dr. London believes that the present standards reflect a fixed policy of Stalin's government and hence will continue indefinitely. But Stalin's policies have changed more than

[1] The Seven Soviet Arts, by Kurt London. New Haven: Yale University Press. 396 pages. $4.

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once. My own guess is that instead of remaining as they are, things will get worse, possibly much worse. The social realists will make fools of themselves, like the RAPP and the constructivists before them. Then suddenly there will be a new slogan and a whole new group of critics to enforce it. That's the way they do things in Russia, and eventually they get results (though sometimes fewer results than if they had moved along at a steady jog-trot, without the spur of denunciations in Pravda). But meanwhile—and here is the tragedy—the honest artists will be badgered by the careerists and will be unable to say exactly what they think or feel. The masses, presented with optimistic books and ostentatious buildings, will get a false ideal of culture, all gilt, plush and Italian opera. And the Soviet Union will be temporarily out of touch with those avant-garde artists in the West who have been among its best friends.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Browder

The People's Front, by Earl Browder. New York: International Publishers. 354 pages. $2.75.

THE SLOGAN of Earl Browder's party, "communism is twentieth-century Americanism," may seem like a demagogic concession to the almost universal twentieth-century demand for nationalist demogogy, an attempt to beat incipient American fascists to the punch. Nevertheless, Mr. Browder has been doing some intelligent reading in American history, and his book is not to be dismissed with a sneer. His analysis of the constricting role of the Supreme Court in Jefferson's day, in Buchanan's day and in the crisis of 1936-37, is set forth in the staring, crude black-and-white of the platform orator's style, but it is fundamentally correct for all that. His discussion of the importance of achieving Leftist victories in the Democratic primaries is canny; the case for working within the framework of the old parties at this stage of our political development could not have been bettered by Tommy Corcoran, or by Franklin D. Roosevelt himself. There is a realist in Browder, and it functions whenever he can keep his ear to the ground in America. Unfortunately, he has a "line" to follow. That "line" caused him to mistake Alf Landon for a fascist, and Hearst for a menace that is "bloated with wealth." Actually, Alf Landon is a well meaning person, and Hearst, if he is not bankrupt, is so close to going under that he might as well be forgotten. The Browder "line" leads to some funny "proof" by parallel: because Aaron Burr was a "traitor," because the Hartford Convention threatened "secession" in Jefferson's day, it therefore follows that Trotsky is a "traitor" who advocated "secession" for sections of Russia. The only difficulty about this type of argument is that Burr and the Federalists were not being tried in Moscow, while Trotsky, who was tried *in absentia*, did a good job at establishing alibis for himself. Mr. Browder forgets that you've got to have two straight lines to make a parallel.

As one who thinks that Trotsky has pretty well cleared himself of the Stalinist accusations, I will probably be accused of approaching Mr. Browder from a Trotskyist angle. But the Trotskyists think Browder is a stooge who would wantonly sell the American labor movement down the river at a nod from the Kremlin, while I choose to believe that he is an earnest, idealistic, intelligent fellow who has been caught by the emotional hostages which he has given to an organization that was equivocal even in the days when Trotsky was one of its chief ornaments. When I read a book like "The People's Front" I think at once of Mr. Justice Brandeis' "Other People's Money," with its sharp pages on the psychological dilemma of the commercial banker with the investment affiliate. No man, wrote Brandeis, can serve two masters. But Mr. Browder, whether he is conscious of it or not, has two masters to serve: the needs of the Soviet Foreign Office and the needs of the ill housed, ill fed, ill clothed third of the American nation. Now it may be that the needs of the two masters are frequently identical. But can Mr. Browder be certain of the identity at any given moment? Doubtless Winthrop Aldrich, as a commercial banker with an investment affiliate, endeavored at all times to put his depositors' money into the safest type of security flotation. But good intentions, in banking, are frequently mocked by market behavior. Similarly, good intentions in international Communist politics are frequently mocked by the contradictions that have been so well explained by the Marxist "law of uneven and combined development." The "investment affiliate" of Mr. Browder's foreign policy is, to my semi-isolationist mind, a drain on Mr. Browder's intellectual and emotional capital that may pay dividends in Russia and help bankrupt the labor movement in America. Mr. Browder believes in creating a strong labor movement right here in the U.S.A. But what is the sense of building a strong movement if you must, at the behest of your second master, deliver it over to whatever Bernard Baruch may be running the War Industries Board of the Second World War?

Heywood Broun has claimed that our Communists are good guys. They are good guys, and they are also among the best trade unionists that we have. Most radicals of generous emotions tend to back up the good guys in the call for "collective security." However, the brains seem to be on the side of Charles A. Beard, who is also a good guy. Brains would tell you that a united front which included imperialists of the type of Neville Chamberlain and the French Right could only end in another Versailles sell-out of all that radicals hold dear. And brains would also tell you that America's generous emotions would be effectively betrayed at home the moment the government is turned over to the generals, the admirals, the drill sergeants and the dollar-a-year boys. Mr. Browder evidently believes that "collective action" can head off the next war. But nations with a Samson complex can hardly be deterred by threats of collective action; they must fight because pressure at home compels it. When Mr. Browder advocates collective security in a front that would commit us to war in Europe, he is preparing a shroud not only for the American Communist Party but for all American progressivism. The collective-actionists are well meaning undertakers. But that won't make the sting of burial any less bitter to us isolationists and semi-isolationists when we have become collective-security corpses at the behest of the Newton D. Bakers and the Hugh S. Johnsons of the future.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

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Light Through the Smoke

A Social Study of Pittsburgh, by Philip Klein and Collaborators. New York: Columbia University Press. 986 pages. $4.75.

THE OUTSTANDING FACT about this study of social conditions and agencies in Pittsburgh is that leading citizens of Pittsburgh themselves asked for it. The job, both of investigation and reporting, was done largely by "outsiders," but they came on invitation of the local sponsoring committee. This committee made a contract with the director of the study that they would reserve the right to accept or reject his recommendations, but that he was to be free to report whatever he or the staff saw, as they saw it—without censorship or interference. The result is a document of unusual value not only for Pittsburgh but for any city confronted with unemployment, low wages, housing and health needs, etc. In other words, it is a report that may be read with profit by the public officials and responsible citizens of all of the other cities.

While the purpose of the study was primarily to survey the work of the social agencies of Allegheny County in order to discover how their services might be made more effective, approximately two-fifths of the book is devoted to "social and economic background." Here are presented with unusual clarity and imagination the physical setting of the area under discussion, analyses of economic data relating to unemployment, wages, cost of living, a review of the housing problem, a discussion of organized labor, social legislation, the immigrant in the social and economic life of the region, the fate of freedom of discussion and the progressive character of the public schools.

No one familiar with the findings of the Pittsburgh Survey of thirty years ago can fail to be impressed with the fact that here is a discussion of hours of labor with no reference to the twelve-hour day in steel, and of accidents without any listing of the cases in which no compensation was paid. Long hours and the brutal common law of employer's liability have long ago suffered banishment. On the other hand, there are areas in which the same badly constructed and insanitary houses that were noted in 1907 still offend the landscape, and the foreign-born still endure the meaningless stigma of having arrived in the twentieth century instead of the seventeenth, and of being Roman or Greek Catholic instead of Scotch Presbyterian.

The author says that the dominant public opinion of the community determines the "main features, conditions and objectives of the social-work design." The characteristics of that dominant opinion in Pittsburgh are, he writes, composed of elements contributed by "the economic hegemony of the industrial and financial corporations," a conservative and fundamentalist theology, the tradition of the superiority of the "American" races, the superiority of employer over employee, the superiority of the rich over the poor, the social philosophy of individualism and the "pervasive veneration of property."

As against this picture we have the unique spectacle of a group of leading citizens asking non-residents for an evaluation of the work of the social agencies of their community, giving them carte-blanche and then accepting all of their major recommendations. These recommendations have been referred to the agencies affected and the sponsoring committee has expressed the hope that "they may be the basis for continuing constructive action."

The report as a whole is a comprehensive study of the functioning of social agencies in one of the most tangled areas of industrial and social problems in the United States. The authors—Philip Klein, the director who wrote the report, and the staff who accumulated the data—have done an excellent and workmanlike job.

JOHN A. FITCH

Freedom's Land

Land of the Free, by Archibald MacLeish. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 93 pages. $3.

ONLY ONE THING really needs to be said about this book—that a copy of it ought to be got at once into the hands of every man, woman and child in the United States. Everything else it says for itself, better than words can say it.

MacLeish has gathered together eighty-eight photographs and arranged them so that they compose a poem, a thrilling piece of American music, for which he has written an accompaniment in verse. As accompaniment, the verse is necessary and effective. But the pictures are the thing and, fine as they are separately, it is the arrangement of them that makes the effect.

The theme is that of the title—freedom, and the land:

> Liberty went with the land . . .
> There was all outdoors to be liberty . . .

But now that the land is gone—given away, mortgaged, used up, blown away, washed into the rivers—the freedom has gone with it. The penniless nomads who have taken to the roads have to do as they're told. This tale MacLeish sets forth in pictures of sharecroppers, migrants, child laborers—of living forests and dead trees, of farms fertile and devastated—and of union organizers being beaten up, of deputies with guns on their hips, of policemen clubbing strikers. The terrible story of a people dispossessed and subjugated is built up cumulatively till it ends with a tremendous crash in great protest demonstrations and crowds of workers celebrating their triumphs. The moral needs no pointing: the change from a liberty given by owning land to a liberty won by acting together. But such words as these are feeble, and even the best words would be weak alongside these photographs of the real America and actual Americans.

MacLeish has come a long way. It is hard to believe that "Land of the Free" has been made by the man who wrote in "The Hamlet of A. MacLeish":

> I'll leave my rare
> Original uncopied dark heart pain
> To choke up volumes and among the rocks
> Cry I! I! I! forever;

or who told the "Social Muse":

> The things of the poet are done to a man alone . . .
> Neither his class nor his kind nor his trade may come near him;

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or who said to the radicals in "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City":

> There is too much sun on the lids of my eyes to be listening.

Even the change from the "I! I! I!" of the earlier books to the "You" of "Public Speech":

> Tell yourselves the earth has food to feed you . . .
> Tell yourselves the earth is yours to take!—

even this change hardly prepared us for the "We" of "Land of the Free":

> We elected ourselves a hundred and sixty acres of
> Solid ground to our feet and we fenced it in
> For the sonsofbitches to look at us over the fences . . .
> We wonder whether the dream of American liberty
> Wasn't the standing by the fence to tell them . . .
> We wonder if the liberty is done:
> The dreaming is finished . . .
> Or if there's something different men can dream . . .
> Or if there's liberty a man can mean that's
> Men: not land.

Nothing is more important for a poet than who are "We" to him; and here, in the people, the exploited and expropriated, is a new "We" for MacLeish. In "Conquistador" the people were victims of Cortez' band to which the poet belonged; in "Panic" the people, like the banker hero, were victims of a blank mysterious fate; in "The Fall of the City" the people, weary of the burden of liberty, fell down and welcomed their oppressor.

I rake up MacLeish's past not by way of reproach; on the contrary, it is the road that he has traveled, and his resistance to traveling that road, that make him the most interesting writer in the United States today. No one else so well epitomizes our time, first feeling the desperation of lonely barren days, then turning to the American past, and finally, though slowly, working his way into the present actualities. Among our poets, only he and Sandburg feel the American "We"; they only, because they share our experience, instead of talking about it from the outside, are fit mouthpieces for us. And because of his very reluctance, MacLeish is capable of being the more articulate. If even at present he is willing to go no farther than most of us—"We wonder: We don't know: We're asking"—he may yet forge ahead and give the answers to the questions that are bothering him and us.

T. K. WHIPPLE

Fiction Group

Hope of Heaven, by John O'Hara. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.
Long Haul, by A. I. Bezzerides. New York: Carrick and Evans. $2.

JOHN (SAMARRA) O'HARA has a writing genius that is at once the delight and despair of those who wish the best for American Letters. His control of sight and sound is faultless in the best and most vivid filmic way: sensation is so sharply focused in the rhythm of a spoken phrase or significant image that his writing does not have to fumble, repeat and falter, but may run. And he moves among exciting things, in character or action, because of some selective talent that tells him when to throw out a truth when it is mere dull truth and find it where its expression is vital. But people are disappointed to find he has no destination in the sense that he will show the Rise of Imperialism in trilogies, or slog away like Dreiser or Balzac, peopling a world.

"Hope of Heaven" is a love story, first-person, direct—I don't know why I'm telling you this, but it began when, etc. The man and the girl sleep together and get on fine in their thoroughly urbane and decent way, but the girl won't marry. Things move along easily through their several troubles, hangovers and casual happiness until the return of the girl's father, the complications of his motives and accidental shooting of the beloved kid brother, bring her difficulties to a head. There is an antipathy she senses in a confused way even through passion, partly aroused by the father, symbolically final in the death of the brother—one of those things. It is a fragment from life, in the calm poignant mood of Conrad reminiscence in spite of motion like a whip; it was hard but it happened, it isn't supposed to be the whole way but a bend in the road, its vista and meaning indelible in the mind.

And it is done beautifully, its toughness a mental seasoning and cynicism, its delicacy of sentiment fitly contrasting with this and with an explosive risible appetite for living high and neat. The people are there, pleasant, maliciously dull, or half-sinister. O'Hara's dialogue is like the drop of water in which you can imagine the universe, the vast shaggy bulk of reality reduced to its illusion in a clear point of light.

This is what O'Hara has, this flawless equipment for quick vivid projection. To expect in addition the stuff he hasn't got and couldn't compatibly have, is to forget the lucky rule of each man after his fashion, demand with petulance why the hundred yard isn't the hammer throw.

A. I. Bezzerides, on the other hand, has some new and important things to tell about; but as fiction he can't quite get them to hold together. The interest is here, and the truth. But something of persuasion and inevitable life has slipped out while he was getting it on paper. "Long Haul" is a story about the wildcat truckers (*i.e.*, independents, a vanishing breed), balling it down the California highways, always on the go, and going nowhere.

Of the two brothers in the story, the younger had trucking knocked out of him in a smash; the older kept on, fighting the hopeless fight against robbing jobbers, prices and breakdowns and conquering weariness, because there was always the illusion of independence and the big chance just around the corner. He met a girl, not very convincingly, and he worked so hard that on some stretches he was ahead of the game. But like most decent people with nothing to start from but scratch, he lacked whatever metal it takes to walk over people's necks like stepping stones. So he kept tooling his old crate one jump ahead of starvation and the law until one night toward morning he went to sleep on the road (the nightmare fate of long-distance drivers), and it was just as well.

To anyone who has seen that night-in-day of the produce exchange, lived on the highway and watched the trucks pound and shift for the grade, and gone off over the hill with them or imagined it (five miles to Kelly's, with the EAT sign winking down the road and all the

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drivers inside), this is the most fascinating of material, especially when linked up with the fate of man. But the figures seem hardly convinced of their own identity and the plot bungles in a half-hearted way. The novel has a destination, but it doesn't really go. OTIS FERGUSON

Land Without Moses, by Charles Curtis Munz. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE MOTENS dwell in any part of the sharpcroppers' half-world that is yet untouched by unionization. And Aaron Longnecker is any cropper's owner. Where the Motens lived is unimportant; how they lived is everything, and Mr. Munz traces their debt-ridden, hounded, humiliated lives with a humanitarian's heart and a storyteller's mastery. Tamp and his wife and his son Kirby were all hard workers. They worked hard on Aaron Longnecker's cotton lands, for each year Tamp hoped to get out of debt and move to Habishaw County, where everything would be different. Tamp never got there. He was dead and done for before they actually killed him. But Kirby was young enough to harbor rebellion. He couldn't bear to see his father cheated, each season's end, by Longnecker's crooked pencil. Kirby learned to read and write; took a fling at accusing Longnecker of swindling; influenced other croppers to send a letter to President Roosevelt; even got his mother to Habishaw County in time to bury her there. He had learned to use a pencil but he hadn't learned how to use his head. Longnecker got him back and kept him in jail until plowing time—he was still a good worker, just needed training. Saddled now with a wife and a baby, Kirby took his murdered father's hoe and his cowed neighbors' abasement. He was still young, and dying was a long way off, but keeping alive scarcely worth the trouble: "Now they got me where they had my Pa." This is a novel that you shouldn't miss.

LEANE ZUGSMITH

New Books: A Reader's List

SPAIN BETWEEN DEATH AND BIRTH, by Peter Merin (Dodge, $3). A first-hand record of Loyalist Spain, moving and impassioned. Enough of the political background to make the issues clear to uninformed readers, and enough of the Spanish past to show the living continuity of the people's tradition.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE (Oxford $2.25). A new edition of the Oxford Head text and good black type, sixteen pages of synopses bringing it up to 1,290 pages. Improved quality of paper and impression. An absolute best-buy and a handsome job, though awkward for steady reading.

MACMILLAN'S MODERN DICTIONARY, edited by Bruce Overton (Macmillan, $3.50). For ready-reference use in schools, offices, etc.—1,480 pages of legible print in a wash binding, thumb-indexed. Simple definitions and new words make it more a help than an authority. All terms arranged in a single vocabulary; all forms and compounds of a word run in under a single entry. Sample column, "cerulean to Chaco": Cervantes, cervical, CES, cezarevitch, cesium, cessation, cession, cesspool, *c'est à dire*, cestus, cesura, cetaceous, *cetera desunt*, Cevennes, Ceylon, Cézanne and *cf.*

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A PRAIRIE GROVE, by Donald Culross Peattie (Simon and Schuster, $2.50). The partly imaginative history of a spot in Illinois and its people since the first Indians, done with knowledge and a sentimental, fruity rhetoric ("He reached the river's marge").

SPEAKING DUST, by E. Thornton Cook (Scribner's, $2.50). A fictionized version of the stern and lonely lives led by Thomas Carlyle and his wife. Makes careful use of the records, reconstructs nicely the gloom of Craigenputtock and adds little to what has appeared in the formal biographies.

A PRAYER FOR TOMORROW, by J. Hyatt Downing (Putnam's, $2.50). A novel of South Dakota, from the last days of the cattle ranges to the collapse of the agricultural boom and the ruin of soil and farmer. Small-town life seen with Andersonian intimacy.

THE DEVIL LEARNS TO VOTE, by C. P. Connolly (Covici, Friede, $2.50). A live, informal history of Montana. Gold rush, road agents, vigilantes; the discovery of copper on Butte Hill and the rise of Marcus Daly; the epic struggles of the copper kings. Good Americana.

PHILADELPHIA: A Guide to the Nation's Birthplace, compiled by the Federal Writers' Project (William Penn Association, $2.50). Running to 704 large pages, this is more reference work than handy guide. All the dope on Philadelphia's history, economic character, cultural aspects, and so on. A deal of local lore can be gathered just by studying the 200-odd photo reproductions.

JOURNEY TO THE WEST, by Darwin L. Teilhet (Doubleday, Doran, $2.75). The story of a modern Don Quixote whose ill advised enthusiasm take him from a topnotch job in advertising through Communist inner circles, a Democratic Party Committee, drunken brawls, outlandish love affairs and both sides of West Coast labor troubles. For the most part diverting buffoonery, rather than satire as the publishers suggest.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE SOVIET UNION, by Samuel N. Harper (Van Nostrand, $1.25). A careful, synoptic study of how the political wheels go round, but more than that. Against a broad historico-economic backdrop the author shows the development of Soviet policies and institutions from 1917 down to the present. Included is a two-page apologia for the treason trials.

Contributors

NATHANIEL PEFFER, the author of several books on the Far East, has recently visited China. He is teaching at Columbia University.

J. M. KEYNES, the British economist, has held a number of executive and advisory positions in the British government. He is the author of "Treatise on Money" and "The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money."

W. B. YEATS is the distinguished Irish playwright, poet and essayist whose work is known all over the English-speaking world. A new book, "The Herne's Egg and Other Plays," will be published by Macmillan on April 12.

LILLIAN HELLMAN is the author of two plays that have been produced on Broadway, "The Children's Hour" and "Days to Come."

BRUCE BLIVEN JR. is a member of the editorial staff of The New Republic.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, who made the daily book review page of The New York Times a highlight of the paper, is now an editor of Fortune and a regular contributor to Scribner's.

JOHN A. FITCH is an instructor in labor problems at the New York School of Social Work and the author of "Vocational Guidance in Action," published by the Columbia University Press in 1935.

T. K. WHIPPLE is the author of "Spokesmen: Modern Writers and American Life."

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